

Bookmobile  
CRC

j808.8 S44p Copy 5  
Sechrist \$3.75  
Poems for red letter days.

kansas city



public library

kansas city, missouri

Books will be issued only  
on presentation of library card.  
Please report lost cards and  
change of residence promptly.  
Card holders are responsible for  
all books, records, films, pictures  
or other library materials  
checked out on their cards.

BOOKING

22 1058

KANSAS CITY, MO PUBLIC LIBRARY

3 1148 01023 2445

MAI NOV 16 1984

FEB 13 1987

DEC 17 1988

MAI JUN 01 1991

FEB 24 1994

NOV 1 1994









# *Poems for Red Letter Days*

## HOLIDAYS

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

The holiest of all holidays are those  
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;  
The secret anniversaries of the heart,  
When the full river of feeling overflows;—  
The happy days unclouded to their close;  
The sudden joys that out of darkness start  
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart  
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!  
White as the gleam of a receding sail,  
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,  
White as the whitest lily on a stream,  
These tender memories are;—a fairy tale  
Of some enchanted land we know not where,  
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

*by the same author*

Once in the First Times

Heigh-Ho for Halloween

One Thousand Poems for Children

Thirteen Ghostly Yarns

Christmas Everywhere

Red Letter Days

New Plays for Red Letter Days

# *Poems for Red Letter Days*

compiled by

*Elizabeth Hough Sechrist*



*illustrated by Guy Fry*

Macrae Smith Company: Philadelphia

*Manufactured in the United States of America*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor wishes to express her thanks and appreciation to the following publishers and authors for their kind permission to reprint their poems in this volume:

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS, INC. for the poems of William Cullen Bryant; THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INC. for "A Monument for the Soldiers" from *Green Fields and Running Brooks* by James Whitcomb Riley, and "A Boy's Mother" from *Rhymes of Childhood* by James Whitcomb Riley; BRANDT & BRANDT for "Winter Night" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, from *The Buck in the Snow and Other Poems*, published by Harper & Brothers, copyright, 1928, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; COWARD-McCANN, INC. for "The Bad Kittens" from *Compass Rose* by Elizabeth Coatsworth, copyright, 1929, by Coward-McCann, Inc., reprinted by permission; DODD, MEAD & COMPANY for "The Dead" by Rupert Brooke, reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company from *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*; copyright, 1915, by Dodd, Mead & Company; and "Lonesome," "Columbian Ode," and "The Poet and His Song," all by Paul Laurence Dunbar, reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc. from *The Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar*, copyright, 1896, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company; and "Trees" by Bliss Carman, from *Bliss Carman's Poems*, reprinted by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, copyright, 1929, by Bliss Carman; DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY for "The Poplars" from *Dreamers and Other Poems* by Theodosia Garrison, and "The Feet of the Young Men" from *The Five Nations* by Rudyard Kipling; E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC., for "Christmas Everywhere" from *Christmas Songs and Easter Ballads* by Phillips Brooks, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. N.Y.; "A Christmas Carol" and "The Donkey" from *The Wild Knight and Other Poems* by G. K. Chesterton, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. N.Y.; "What the Gray Cat Sings" from *I Sing the Pioneer* by Arthur Guiterman, published and copyright, 1926, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. N.Y.; "Our Colonel" from *Death and General Putnam and 101 Other Poems* by Arthur Guiterman, published and copyright, 1935, by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. N.Y.; "America the Beautiful" from *Poems* by Katherine Lee Bates, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc. N.Y.; CARL FISCHER, INC. for "The U.S. Air Force" by Captain Robert Crawford; HARPER & BROTHERS for "A Blackbird Suddenly" from *Sunrise Trumpets* by Joseph Auslander, copyright, 1924, by Harper & Brothers; "Flash: The Fireman's Story" from *City Ballads* by Will Carleton; and "Assurance" from *Splendor*

*Ahead* by Grace Noll Crowell, copyright, 1940, by Harper & Brothers; HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, INC. for "The Lent Lily" from *The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman*, copyright, 1940, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc., copyright, 1936, by Bardays Bank Ltd.; used by permission of the publishers, and "Old Susan" and "Music" from *Collected Poems* by Walter de la Mare, reproduced by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc., copyright, 1941, by Walter de la Mare, and "The Runaway" from *New Hampshire* by Robert Frost, copyright, 1923, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc.; used by permission of the publishers; HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY for "Songs for My Mother: Her Hands" from *The Shoes That Danced* by Anna Hempstead Branch, also the poems of Charles Edward Carryl, Margaret Wade Deland, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard W. Gilder, Bret Harte, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Clinton Scollard, and John Greenleaf Whittier, used by courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company; ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC. for "At Warm Springs" by William Rose Benét, reprinted from *Stairway of Surprise* by William Rose Benét, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright 1945, 1947 by William Rose Benét, and "At the Symphony" from *The Green Leaf* by Robert Nathan, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright 1922, 1950, by Robert Nathan; J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY for "Hearts Were Made to Give Away" from *For Days and Days* by Annette Wynne, copyright 1919 and 1947 by J. B. Lippincott Company; McCLELLAND AND STEWART, LTD. for "Trees" by Bliss Carman from *April Airs*, and "The Dead" by Rupert Brooke from *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*, permission granted by McClelland and Stewart, Limited, Publishers, Toronto, Ontario; THE MACMILLAN COMPANY for "The Secret Heart" from Robert P. Tristram Coffin: *Strange Holiness*, copyright 1935 by The Macmillan Co. and used with their permission; "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" and "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed" from Vachel Lindsay: *Collected Poems*, copyright 1923 by the Macmillan Company and used with their permission; "In Distrust of Merits" from Marianne Moore: *Nevertheless*, copyrighted 1944 by Marianne Moore and used with the permission of The Macmillan Company; "The Snare" from James Stephens: *Collected Poems*, copyright 1915 by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission; MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, for "The Snare" by James Stephens; THE REILLY & LEE CO. for "Forgetful Pa"; this poem is from the book *Collected Verse of Edgar A. Guest*; copyright 1934 by The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago; RINEHART & COMPANY, INC. for "A Christmas Folk-Song," from *The Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese*, copyright 1926 by Rinehart & Co., Inc. Publishers and reprinted with their permission; CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS for "Star of the East" reprinted from *Songs and Other Verse* by Eugene Field, copyright 1896 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1923 by Julia Sutherland Field, used by permission of the publishers; "Sagamore" reprinted from *Service and Sacrifice* by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, copyright 1919 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947 by Corinne Robinson Alsop, used by permission of the publishers; "The Master" reprinted from *The Town Down by the River* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, copyright 1910 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938

by Ruth Nivison, used by permission of the publishers; "Work" reprinted from *Music and Other Poems* by Henry van Dyke, copyright 1904 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932 by Henry van Dyke, used by permission of the publishers; also for "Unto Us a Son Is Given" by Alice Meynell, and the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson, used by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons; A. P. WATT & SON, and THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, for "The Feet of the Young Men" by Rudyard Kipling from *Inclusive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Poems*; JAMES T. WHITE & COMPANY for "It Shall Not Be Again" by Thomas Curtis Clark; ALBERT WHITMAN & CO. for "Lost Dog" by Frances Rodman from *A Book of Fireside Poems* compiled by William R. Bowlin and published by Albert Whitman Company, 1937; YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS for "Prayer" from *Songs for Parents* by John Farrar, published by Yale University Press.

Also to AMERICA: National Catholic Weekly, 70 East 45th Street, New York 17, N.Y., for "Ox and Donkey's Carol" by Sister Maris Stella; AMERICAN FORESTS for "To the Memory of John Burroughs" by Catherine Parmenter; THE NEW AMERICAN MERCURY and Mr. Matthew Biller for "The American Freedom" by Matthew Biller; THE CATHOLIC WORLD for "November Eleventh" by Katherine Burton; THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY for "The Way to Know a Father" by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, and "The Mother in the Family" by Hermann Hagedorn (reprinted here under the title "The Mother in the House,"), reprinted by special permission from *The Ladies' Home Journal*, copyright, 1922, The Curtis Publishing Company; THE MARITIME BAPTIST, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, for "The Red Cross" by Edna Jacques; THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE and Miss Virginia Scott Miner for "Golden Spurs" by Virginia Scott Miner; also for the poems by William Rose Benét and Elizabeth Coatsworth which originally appeared in THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE; SPIRIT: A Magazine of Poetry, for "Ash Wednesday" by Rosa Zagnoni Marioni, and "American History" by Marguerite Janvrin Adams; THE SURVEY, and Survey Associates, Inc. for "Memorial Day" by William E. Brooks; the Library of the Boston Athenaeum for "Candlemas" by Alice Brown, by permission of the Boston Athenaeum, holders of the copyright; Department of the Navy, United States Marine Corps, for permission to reprint the words to "The Marines' Hymn"; and The Society of Authors for "The Lent Lily" by A. E. Housman, permission granted by The Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Trustees of the Estate of the late A. E. Housman, and Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., publishers of A. E. Housman's *Collected Poems*.

Also to the following authors and owners of copyrights: Mr. Thomas Curtis Clark for "Prospect"; Mr. Robert P. Tristram Coffin for "The Secret Heart" and "The Way to Know a Father"; Mrs. John Gould Fletcher for "Lincoln" by John Gould Fletcher; Miss Elsie Fowler and JUNIOR HOME MAGAZINE for "Little Christ Child"; Mrs. Arthur Guiterman for two poems by Arthur Guiterman; Mr. Hermann Hagedorn for "The Mother in the House"; Mr. Thomas Shaw Hale and the Estate of Ellen Day Hale for "New England's Chevy Chase" by Edward Everett Hale; Mrs. Helen M. Hartman for "Moving Day"; Mr. Geoffrey

Johnson, *Queen's Quarterly*, The Poetry Lovers' Fellowship, and Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Ltd., London, for "The First of April" by Geoffrey Johnson; Dr. J. M. Kilgour for "In Flanders Fields" from *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* by John McCrae; Mrs. John A. Lomax for "On the Trail to Idaho" and "A Home on the Range" from *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* by John A. Lomax; Mr. Percy MacKaye for "Goethals, the Prophet Engineer" from *The Present Hour*, and "Hymn of the New World" from *Saint Louis, a Civic Masque*, both by Percy MacKaye; Mr. Virgil Markham for "Brotherhood," "Joy of the Morning," "Lincoln Triumphant," "Christ of the Andes," "A Creed," "A Prayer," and "Rules for the Road," all by Edwin Markham; Miss Juanita Joaquina Miller for "Columbus" by Joaquin Miller; Mrs. Roselle Montgomery Bump and the Estate of Roselle Mercier Montgomery for "Armistice Day" by Roselle Mercier Montgomery; Mr. David Morton for "In a Girls' School" from *Ships in Harbour* by David Morton; and Mrs. Edward Yeomans for "Navajo Prayer" from *Shackled Youth* by Edward S. Yeomans.

To all those who assisted me in collecting the State Songs, Directors of the State Legislative Reference Bureau, and State Bureaus of Archives and History, Librarians of State and University Libraries and Public Libraries, and specifically, to the following authors and publishers who generously gave their permission to reprint their songs in this book:

The State of Delaware Public Archives Commission and Mr. Leon de Valinger, Jr., State Archivist, for "Our Delaware"; Regents of The University of Idaho, copyright owners, for "Here We Have Idaho"; Clayton F. Summy Company, Publishers, for "Illinois," for which they own the copyright; the Paull Pioneer Music Company for "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away" for which they own the copyright; Vashti Robertson Stopher for her "Song of Louisiana"; Mr. Roger Vinton Snow for his "State of Maine Song"; Josie Gautier for her "Way Down South in Mississippi"; Montana Children's Home and Shodair Hospital for "Montana" on which they own the copyright; Sylvia Cole Henderson for "My Nebraska" by Theodore C. Diers; Bertha Raffetto for her "Home Means Nevada"; Dr. John F. Holmes and Maurice Hoffmann for their song, "Old New Hampshire" on which Dr. Holmes owns the copyright; Mrs. C. S. Putnam for "North Dakota Hymn" by Dr. C. S. Putnam and James W. Foley; Chenoweth & Green Music Company for "Oklahoma: A Toast" on which they hold the copyright; Mrs. Helen Hall Bucher for "Pennsylvania" on which she holds the copyright; Mr. Deecort Hammitt for "Hail! South Dakota," author and copyright owner; Mr. William J. Marsh for "Texas, Our Texas," words by Gladys Yoakum Wright and William J. Marsh, and music by William J. Marsh; Deseret Book Company for "Utah, We Love Thee," used with the permission of the copyright owner, Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah; Theodore Presser Company for "Hail Vermont" by Josephine Hovey Perry, copyright by Theodore Presser Company; used by special permission; Bailey School Supply House for "Wyoming" by Charles E. Winter and George E. Knapp, copyright owned by Bailey School Supply House.



The editor also wishes to take this opportunity to thank the Staff of Martin Memorial Library of York, Pennsylvania, for their loan of books and for their help in obtaining books from other collections.

In collecting the material used in this anthology every effort has been made to try to find the copyright owners of the poems used. Numerous letters have been written to this end, but in a few cases the author of copyrighted material has not been located. The Editor, therefore, hopes that she will be notified if anyone has been overlooked, so that correction can be made.

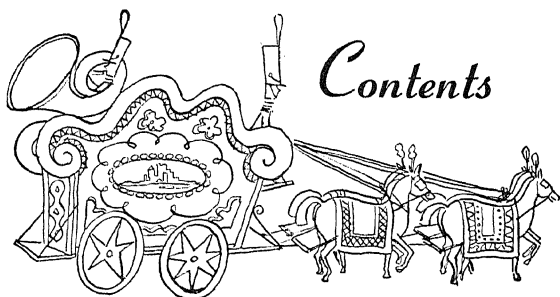
*To My Sisters*

MARY I. HOUGH, D.O.

*and*

HELEN HOUGH CLARK





The Year's Round <i>by Coventry Patmore</i>	25
---	----

## JANUARY

January <i>by James Russell Lowell</i>	26
--	----

### NEW YEARS DAY (January 1)

New Year Song <i>by Emily Huntington Miller</i>	27
Ring Out Wild Bells <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i>	28
New Year Ditty <i>by Christina G. Rossetti</i>	29
A Song for New Year's Eve <i>by William Cullen Bryant</i>	29
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year <i>by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	31
The New Year <i>by Horatio Nelson Powers</i>	33

### EPIPHANY (January 6)

Epiphany <i>by Reginald Heber</i>	34
Twelfth Night Carol <i>Unknown</i>	35

### ROBERT E. LEE'S BIRTHDAY (January 19)

Robert E. Lee <i>by Julia Ward Howe</i>	36
The Sword of Robert Lee <i>by Abram J. Ryan</i>	36

### INAUGURATION DAY (January 20)

Inauguration Day <i>by Richard Watson Gilder</i>	38
--	----

### FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY (January 30)

At Warm Springs <i>by William Rose Benét</i>	39
--	----

## FEBRUARY

The Snowdrop <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i>	41
--	----

## CANDLEMAS *also* GROUND HOG DAY (February 2)

Candlemas <i>Unknown</i>	42
A Ceremony for Candlemas Day <i>by Robert Herrick</i>	42
Candlemas <i>by Alice Brown</i>	43

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY (February 12)

Lincoln Triumphant <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	44
Lincoln <i>by John Gould Fletcher</i>	44
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight <i>by Vachel Lindsay</i>	45
The Master <i>by Edwin Arlington Robinson</i>	46
Lincoln <i>by Julia Ward Howe</i>	48
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln <i>by Richard Watson Gilder</i>	49
Lincoln's Birthday <i>by Richard Henry Stoddard</i>	49
This Dust was Once the Man <i>by Walt Whitman</i>	50
O Captain! My Captain! <i>by Walt Whitman</i>	50

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY (February 14)

My Valentine <i>by Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	52
A Valentine <i>by Eugene Field</i>	52
Hearts Were Made to Give Away <i>by Annette Wynne</i>	53
A Ditty <i>by Sir Philip Sidney</i>	54
How Do I Love Thee? <i>by Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	54
A Simple Duty <i>by Edgar Allan Poe</i>	55
A Red, Red Rose <i>by Robert Burns</i>	55

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (February 22)

Washington <i>by Denis O'Crowley</i>	56
Washington <i>by Harriet Monroe</i>	56
The Twenty-Second of February <i>by William Cullen Bryant</i>	57
The Cincinnatus of the West <i>by George Gordon Byron</i>	58
Crown Our Washington <i>by Hezekiah Butterworth</i>	58
Inscription at Mount Vernon <i>Unknown</i>	59
Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington <i>by William Day</i>	60

## MARCH

Written in March <i>by William Wordsworth</i>	61
---	----

## RED CROSS DAY (in Red Cross Month of March)

Red Cross Day <i>from Red Cross Bulletin</i>	62
The Red Cross <i>by Edna Jacques</i>	62
Santa Filomena <i>by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	63

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY (*March 17*)

The Birth of Saint Patrick <i>by Samuel Lover</i>	65
St. Patrick was a Gentleman <i>by Henry Bennett</i>	66
The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland <i>by Andrew Cherry</i>	67

## FIRST DAY OF SPRING

The Year's at the Spring <i>by Robert Browning</i>	68
--	----

## ASH WEDNESDAY

Ash Wednesday <i>by Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni</i>	69
---	----

## LENT

A True Lent <i>by Robert Herrick</i>	70
The Lent Lily <i>by A. E. Housman</i>	71

## PALM SUNDAY

The Donkey <i>by Gilbert Keith Chesterton</i>	72
---	----

## GOOD FRIDAY

Christ Crucified <i>by Richard Crashaw</i>	73
A Ballad of Trees and the Master <i>by Sidney Lanier</i>	73
Sheep and Lambs <i>by Katharine Tynan Hinkson</i>	74

## EASTER

Rest Remaineth <i>by Robert Browning</i>	75
Assurance <i>by Grace Noll Crowell</i>	75
Easter Music <i>by Margaret Wade Deland</i>	76
An Easter Carol <i>by Christina G. Rossetti</i>	77
Softly Through the Mellow Starlight <i>Unknown</i>	77
Easter <i>by Edwin L. Sabin</i>	78

## APRIL

Song <i>by William Watson</i>	79
-------------------------------	----

## APRIL FOOL'S DAY (*April 1*)

All Fools' Day <i>Unknown</i>	80
The First of April <i>by William Hone</i>	80
The First of April <i>by Geoffrey Johnson</i>	81

# PAN AMERICAN DAY (*April 14*)

Hymn of the New World <i>by Percy MacKaye</i>	82
Panama <i>by James Jeffrey Roche</i>	83
Goethals, the Prophet Engineer <i>by Percy MacKaye</i>	84
The Christ of the Andes <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	85

# PATRIOTS' DAY (*April 19*)

Concord Hymn <i>by Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	87
New England's Chevy Chase <i>by Edward Everett Hale</i>	88
Paul Revere's Ride <i>by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	90

# ARBOR DAY (*dates vary in different states*)

Motto for a Tree-Planting <i>by Richard Watson Gilder</i>	95
Trees <i>by Bliss Carman</i>	95
The Tree <i>by Jones Very</i>	96
The Poplars <i>by Theodosia Garrison</i>	97
A Young Firwood <i>by Dante G. Rossetti</i>	98
To the Memory of John Burroughs <i>by Catherine Parmenter</i>	98
In Praise of Johnny Appleseed <i>by Vachel Lindsay</i>	99

# BIRD DAY (*usually observed with Arbor Day*)

A Blackbird Suddenly <i>by Joseph Auslander</i>	107
Joy of the Morning <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	107
Tampa Robins <i>by Sidney Lanier</i>	108
The Thrush's Nest <i>by John Clare</i>	109
The Swallows <i>by Edwin Arnold</i>	109

# MAY

May <i>by Edmund Spenser</i>	110
------------------------------	-----

# MAY DAY (*May 1*)

Song on a May Morning <i>by John Milton</i>	111
The May Queen <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i>	111
Corinna's Maying <i>by Robert Herrick</i>	114

# MOTHER'S DAY (*2nd Sunday in May*)

The Mother in the House <i>by Hermann Hagedorn</i>	116
Songs for My Mother: Her Hands <i>by Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	117
My Trust <i>by John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	118
Lonesome <i>by Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	118

A Boy's Mother <i>by James Whitcomb Riley</i>	119
To My Mother <i>by Thomas Moore</i>	120
What Rules the World <i>by William Ross Wallace</i>	120

#### ARMED FORCES DAY (*3rd Saturday in May*)

The Hero <i>by Ambrose Bierce</i>	121
The Reveillé <i>by Bret Harte</i>	121
Old Ironsides <i>by Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	123
John Paul Jones <i>by Richard Watson Gilder</i>	124
The Marines' Hymn <i>Unknown</i>	124
The U.S. Air Force <i>by Robert Crawford</i>	125

#### I AM AN AMERICAN DAY (*3rd Sunday in May*)

Inscription on the Statue of Liberty <i>by Emma Lazarus</i>	127
America the Beautiful <i>by Katherine Lee Bates</i>	127
The American Freedom <i>by Matthew Biller</i>	128
The Star-Spangled Banner <i>by Francis Scott Key</i>	130
America <i>by Samuel Francis Smith</i>	131

#### MEMORIAL DAY (*May 30*)

Bivouac of the Dead <i>by Theodore O'Hara</i>	133
A Ballad of Heroes <i>by Austin Dobson</i>	133
Ode for Decoration Day <i>by Henry Timrod</i>	134
A Monument for the Soldiers <i>by James Whitcomb Riley</i>	135
The Dead <i>by Rupert Brooke</i>	136
Memorial Day <i>by William E. Brooks</i>	137

#### JUNE

June <i>by James Russell Lowell</i>	139
-------------------------------------	-----

#### FLAG DAY (*June 14*)

God Bless the Flag <i>Unknown</i>	141
The Flag Goes By <i>by Henry Holcomb Bennett</i>	141
Old Flag <i>by Hubbard Parker</i>	142
Your Flag and My Flag <i>by Wilbur D. Nesbit</i>	144
Flag Song <i>by Lydia Avery Coonley Ward</i>	145
Betsy's Battle Flag <i>by Minna Irving</i>	145

#### PIONEER DAY (*June 15 and July 24*)

On the Trail to Idaho <i>Unknown</i>	147
The Cowboy <i>by John Antrobus</i>	148



## BUNKER HILL DAY (*June 17*)

On the Eve of Bunker Hill <i>by Clinton Scollard</i>	150
--	-----

## FATHER'S DAY (*3rd Sunday in June*)

The Way to Know a Father <i>by Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	151
The Secret Heart <i>by Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	152
Forgetful Pa <i>by Edgar A. Guest</i>	153

## FIRST DAY OF SUMMER

The Throstle <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i>	155
--	-----

## JULY

July <i>by Susan Hartley Swett</i>	156
------------------------------------	-----

## INDEPENDENCE DAY (*July 4*)

The Fourth of July <i>by John Pierpont</i>	157
Fourth of July Ode <i>by James Russell Lowell</i>	158
The Flower of Liberty <i>by Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	159
Ode <i>by Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	160
Yankee Doodle <i>by Edward Bangs</i>	162

## AUGUST

In August <i>by William Dean Howells</i>	164
--	-----

## SEPTEMBER

September <i>by Helen Hunt Jackson</i>	165
--	-----

## LABOR DAY (*1st Monday in September*)

Labor <i>by Frances Sargent Osgood</i>	166
Work <i>by Kenyon Cox</i>	166
Quiet Work <i>by Matthew Arnold</i>	167
Work <i>by Henry van Dyke</i>	167

## FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN

Autumn Haze <i>by Richard Kendall Munkittrick</i>	169
---	-----

## AMERICAN INDIAN DAY (*4th Friday in September*)

Navajo Prayer <i>by Edward S. Yeomans</i>	170
---	-----

The Feet of the Young Men <i>by Rudyard Kipling</i>	171
Indian Names <i>by Lydia H. Sigourney</i>	174

## OCTOBER

October <i>by Helen McMahan</i>	176
---------------------------------	-----

## MOVING DAY (October 1)

Moving Day <i>by Helen M. Hartman</i>	177
---------------------------------------	-----

## COLUMBUS DAY (October 12)

Immortal Morn <i>by Hezekiah Butterworth</i>	179
The Prayer of Columbus <i>by Walt Whitman</i>	180
Columbian Ode <i>by Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	180
Columbus <i>by Joaquin Miller</i>	182

## UNITED NATIONS' DAY (October 24)

Federation of the World <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i>	184
Brotherhood <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	185
A Creed <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	185
Peace Universal <i>by Anna H. Thorne</i>	186
Prospect <i>by Thomas Curtis Clark</i>	187
Peace <i>by Clinton Scollard</i>	188
The Winds of God <i>by Clinton Scollard</i>	188
The Fatherland <i>by James Russell Lowell</i>	189

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY (October 27)

Sagamore <i>by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson</i>	190
Our Colonel <i>by Arthur Guiterman</i>	190

## HALLOWEEN (October 31)

Litany for Halloween <i>Unknown</i>	192
Halloween <i>by Joel Benton</i>	192
The Fairies <i>by Sybil Morford</i>	193
What the Gray Cat Sings <i>by Arthur Guiterman</i>	194
The Bad Kittens <i>by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth</i>	195

## NOVEMBER

November <i>by Hartley Coleridge</i>	196
--------------------------------------	-----

## ALL SOULS' DAY (November 2)

Pray for the Dead <i>by Arthur Dentworth Hamilton Eaton</i>	197
---	-----

The One Forgotten by <i>Dora Sigerson</i>	197
God's Acre by <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	198

#### ELECTION DAY (*1st Tuesday after 1st Monday in November*)

The Ballot by <i>John Pierpont</i>	200
God Give Us Men! by <i>Josiah Gilbert Holland</i>	200
The Poor Voter On Election Day by <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	201
Builders of the State by <i>Richard Watson Gilder</i>	202
Politics by <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	203

#### ARMISTICE DAY (*November 11*)

November Eleventh by <i>Katherine Burton</i>	204
It Shall Not Be Again by <i>Thomas Curtis Clark</i>	205
Armistice Day by <i>Roselle Mercier Montgomery</i>	205
In Flanders Fields by <i>John McCrae</i>	207
In Distrust of Merits by <i>Marianne Moore</i>	207

#### THANKSGIVING (*4th Thursday in November*)

A Psalm from <i>Psalm 147</i>	210
The Pumpkin by <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	210
Harvest Hymn by <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	211
Singing the Reapers Homeward Come <i>Unknown</i>	212

#### DECEMBER

A December Day by <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	214
--	-----

#### FIRST DAY OF WINTER

Winter Night by <i>Edna St. Vincent Millay</i>	215
--	-----

#### FOREFATHER'S DAY (*December 22*)

The Word of God to Leyden Came by <i>Jeremiah Eames Rankin</i>	216
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers by <i>Felicia Dorothea Hemans</i>	217
The Pilgrim Fathers by <i>William Wordsworth</i>	219
American History by <i>Marguerite Janvrin Adams</i>	219

#### CHRISTMAS (*December 25*)

The First Christmas from <i>St. Luke 2:8-16</i>	221
The Light of Bethlehem by <i>John Banister Tabb</i>	222
Prayer by <i>John Farrar</i>	222
Ox and Donkey's Carol by <i>Sister Maris Stella</i>	223
Star of the East by <i>Eugene Field</i>	224

The Christmas Candle <i>by Kate Louise Brown</i>	224
Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight <i>by Phillips Brooks</i>	225
Little Christ Child <i>by Elsie M. Fowler</i>	226
Unto Us a Son Is Given <i>by Alice Meynell</i>	227
A Christmas Folk-Song <i>by Lizette Woodworth Reese</i>	228
A Child's Prayer <i>by Francis Thompson</i>	228
Christmas Bells <i>by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	230
Christmas In Olden Time <i>by Sir Walter Scott</i>	231
Yule-Tide Fires <i>Unknown</i>	232
A Christmas Carol <i>by Gilbert Keith Chesterton</i>	233

#### SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY (*December 26*)

Good King Wenceslaus <i>by John M. Neale</i>	234
--	-----

#### SPECIAL DAYS

##### BIRTHDAYS

A Birthday Song <i>by Richard Watson Gilder</i>	237
Age <i>by Edward Tuck</i>	237
A Wish <i>by Ben Jonson</i>	238
We Are Never Old <i>by Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	238
My Birthday <i>by Thomas Moore</i>	239

##### COMMENCEMENT

At Graduating Time <i>Unknown</i>	240
At School-Close <i>by John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	241
At This Farewell <i>by William Wordsworth</i>	243
In a Girls' School <i>by David Morton</i>	243

##### STATE'S DAY

A Song for the States <i>by Walt Whitman</i>	246
Alabama <i>by Julia S. Tutwiler</i>	250
Arizona <i>by Margaret Rowe Clifford</i>	252
The Arkansas Traveler <i>by Sanford C. Faulkner</i>	253
The State We Honor <i>by Fanny J. Crosby</i>	254
Our Delaware <i>by George B. Hynson</i>	255
Swanee River <i>by Stephen Collins Foster</i>	256
Georgia <i>by Robert Loveman</i>	258
Here We Have Idaho <i>by Harry A. Powell</i>	258
Illinois <i>by C. H. Chamberlain</i>	259
On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away <i>by Paul Dresser</i>	260
The Song of Iowa <i>by S. H. M. Byers</i>	261

A Home On the Range <i>by John A. Lomax</i>	262
My Old Kentucky Home <i>by Stephen Collins Foster</i>	263
Song of Louisiana <i>by Vashti R. Stopher</i>	264
State of Maine Song <i>by Roger Vinton Snow</i>	265
Maryland! My Maryland! <i>by James R. Randall</i>	266
Michigan, My Michigan! <i>by Mrs. Henry F. Lyster</i>	267
Hail! Minnesotal <i>by Truman E. Rickard and Arthur Upson</i>	270
Way Down South in Mississippi <i>by Verne Barnes</i>	271
Montana <i>by Charles C. Cohan</i>	272
My Nebraska <i>by Theodore C. Diers</i>	273
Home Means Nevada <i>by Bertha Raffetto</i>	273
Old New Hampshire <i>by Dr. John F. Holmes</i>	274
Ode to New Jersey <i>by Dr. Elias F. Carr</i>	275
O, Fair New Mexico <i>by Elizabeth Garrett</i>	276
The Old North State <i>by William Gaston</i>	277
North Dakota Hymn <i>by James W. Foley</i>	278
Oklahoma <i>by Harriet Parker Camden</i>	279
Oregon State Song <i>by J. A. Buchanan</i>	280
Pennsylvania <i>by Helen Hall Bucher</i>	281
Rhode Island <i>by T. Clarke Brown</i>	282
Carolina <i>by Henry Timrod</i>	283
Hail! South Dakota <i>by Deecort Hammitt</i>	284
When It's Iris Time In Tennessee <i>by Willa Mae Waid</i>	285
Texas, Our Texas <i>by Gladys Yoakum Wright</i>	286
Utah, We Love Thee <i>by Evan Stephens</i>	287
Hail, Vermont! <i>by Josephine Hovey Perry</i>	288
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny <i>by James Bland</i>	289
Washington's Song <i>by Dr. Edmond S. Meany</i>	290
The West Virginia Hills <i>by Ellen King and H. E. Engle</i>	290
Wyoming <i>by Charles E. Winter</i>	292
Alaska <i>Unknown</i>	293
Our Native Land <i>by King Kalakaua</i>	294

## SPECIAL WEEKS CELEBRATED IN OUR SCHOOLS

### BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

Nature's Friend <i>by William Henry Davies</i>	299
Hurt No Living Thing <i>by Christina G. Rossetti</i>	300
The Snare <i>by James Stephens</i>	300
Lost Dog <i>by Frances Rodman</i>	301
The Runaway <i>by Robert Frost</i>	301
The Shepherd Dog of the Pyrenees <i>by Ellen Murray</i>	302

## BOOK WEEK

Golden Spurs <i>by Virginia Scott Miner</i>	304
"Good From A Book" <i>by Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	305
Envoy <i>by Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	306
A Book <i>by Hannah More</i>	306
Old Susan <i>by Walter de la Mare</i>	306
To Robert Browning <i>by Walter Savage Landor</i>	307
In Memory of Lewis Carroll <i>Unknown</i>	308
Dickens in Camp <i>by Bret Harte</i>	308
Emerson <i>by Mary Mapes Dodge</i>	310
Longfellow <i>by James Whitcomb Riley</i>	310
Edgar Allan Poe <i>by Clifford Lanier</i>	311
Shakespeare <i>by Matthew Arnold</i>	311
To Wordsworth <i>by Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	312

## BOY SCOUT WEEK

A Boy's Prayer <i>by Henry Charles Beeching</i>	313
Rules for the Road <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	313
Forbearance <i>by Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	314
The Vagabond <i>by Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	314

## FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

Adolphus Elfinstone <i>by Gelett Burgess</i>	316
Chicago <i>by John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	316
Flash: The Fireman's Story <i>by Will Carleton</i>	317

## GIRL SCOUT WEEK

Follow the Gleam <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i>	320
A Prayer <i>by Edwin Markham</i>	320
The Song My Paddle Sings <i>by E. Pauline Johnson</i>	321
Meg Merrilies <i>by John Keats</i>	322

## MUSIC WEEK

Ode <i>by Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>	324
Music <i>by Walter de la Mare</i>	325
At the Symphony <i>by Robert Nathan</i>	326
The Violin <i>by Richard Watson Gilder</i>	326
Over His Keys <i>by James Russell Lowell</i>	327
A Musical Instrument <i>by Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	327
Orpheus <i>by William Shakespeare</i>	329
The Poet and His Song <i>by Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	329



# *Poems for Red Letter Days*







## THE YEAR'S ROUND

*Coventry Patmore*

The crocus, while the days are dark,  
Unfolds its saffron sheen;  
At April's touch the crudest bark  
Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of night,  
While slowly swells the pod,  
And round the peach, and in the night  
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The winter falls, the frozen rut  
Is bound with silver bars;  
The snowdrift heaps against the hut,  
And night is pierced with stars!

## JANUARY

*James Russell Lowell*

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
The river was dumb and could not speak,  
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;  
A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;  
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitly  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

# New Year's Day

(JANUARY 1)



## NEW YEAR SONG

*Emily Huntington Miller*

They say that the year is old and gray,  
That his eyes are dim with sorrow;  
But what care we, though he pass away?  
For the New Year comes tomorrow.

No sighs have we for the roses fled,  
No tears for the vanished summer;  
Fresh flowers will spring where the old are dead,  
To welcome the glad new comer.

He brings us a gift from the beautiful land  
We see, in our rosy dreaming,  
Where the wonderful castles of fancy stand  
In magical sunshine gleaming.

Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer,  
With never a thought of sorrow;  
The old goes out, but the glad young year  
Comes merrily in tomorrow.

## RING OUT WILD BELLS

*Alfred Tennyson*

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## NEW YEAR DITTY

*Christina G. Rossetti*

New Year met me somewhat sad:  
Old Year leaves me tired,  
Stripped of favorite things I had,  
Balked of much desired;  
Yet farther on my road today,—  
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year, coming on apace,  
What have you to give me?  
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,  
Face me with an honest face,  
You shall not deceive me:  
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,  
It needs shall help me on my road,  
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

## A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

*William Cullen Bryant*

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—  
Stay till the good old year,  
So long companion of our way,  
Shakes hands, and leaves us here.  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,  
Has now no hopes to wake;  
Yet one hour more of jest and song  
For his familiar sake.  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands  
Have lavished all his store.  
And shall we turn from where he stands,  
Because he gives no more?  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,  
While yet he was our guest;  
How cheerfully the week was spent!  
How sweet the seventh day's rest!  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep  
Beneath the coffin lid:  
What pleasant memories we keep  
Of all they said and did!  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,  
And leaves our sphere behind.  
The good old year is with the past;  
Oh be the new as kind!  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One parting strain, and then away.

## MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow;  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,  
Tell their beads in drops of rain,  
And patter their doleful prayers;  
But their prayers are all in vain,  
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,  
The foolish, fond Old Year,  
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,  
Like weak, despised Lear  
A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,  
Bids the old man rejoice!  
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man gray  
Loveth that ever-soft voice,  
Gentle and low.



To the crimson woods he saith,  
To the voice gentle and low  
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,  
"Pray do not mock me so!  
Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,  
And the forests utter a moan,  
Like the voice of one who crieth  
In the wilderness alone,  
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
Gathering and sounding on,  
The storm-wind from Labrador,  
The wind Euroclydon,  
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
Sweep the red leaves away!  
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
O soul! could thus decay,  
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
There shall be a darker day;  
And the stars, from heaven downcast  
Like red leaves be swept away!  
Kyrie, eleyson!  
Christe, eleyson!

## THE NEW YEAR

*Horatio Nelson Powers*

A Flower unblown: a Book unread:  
A Tree with fruit unharvested:  
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms  
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:  
This is the Year that for you waits  
Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

# Epiphany

(JANUARY 6)

## EPIPHANY

*Reginald Heber*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean—  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

## TWELFTH NIGHT CAROL

*Unknown*

Here we come a-whistling through the fields so green;  
Here we come a-singing, so fair to be seen.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year!

Bring out your little table and spread it with a cloth,  
Bring out your jug of milk, likewise your Christmas loaf.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year!

God bless the master of this house, God bless the mistress too;  
And all the little children that round the table go.

God send you happy, God send you happy,  
Pray God send you a happy New Year!

# *Robert E. Lee's Birthday*

(born JANUARY 19, 1807)

ROBERT E. LEE

*Julia Ward Howe*

A gallant foeman in the fight,  
A brother when the fight was o'er,  
The hand that led the host with might  
The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,  
No challenge fierce, resounding far,  
When reconciling Wisdom comes  
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,  
Love makes the heart of nations one,  
And so, thy soldier grave beside,  
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

## THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

*Abram J. Ryan*

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,  
Flashed the sword of Lee!  
Far in the front of the deadly fight,  
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,  
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,  
Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,  
    It slumbered peacefully,  
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,  
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,  
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,  
    Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air  
    Beneath Virginia's sky;  
And they who saw it gleaming there,  
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear  
That where that sword led they would dare  
    To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
    Waved sword from stain as free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,  
    Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed  
    That sword might victor be;  
And when our triumph was delayed,  
And many a heart grew sore afraid,  
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade  
    Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain  
    Bright flashed the sword of Lee;  
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,  
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,  
Defeated, yet without a stain,  
    Proudly and peacefully.

# Inauguration Day

(JANUARY 20)

## INAUGURATION DAY

*Richard Watson Gilder*

On this great day a child of time and fate  
On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Tho' heavy-burdened shall his heart rejoice,  
Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength, but that the people give,  
And in their wills, alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man,  
The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons:  
In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest crown,  
Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed  
The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard  
Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the oppressor out from the darkness grope,  
'T is as the voice of freedom and of hope.

O pray that he may rightly rule the state,  
And grow, in truly serving, truly great.

# *Franklin Delano Roosevelt's Birthday*

(born JANUARY 30, 1882)

## AT WARM SPRINGS

*William Rose Benét*

In the room at Warm Springs,  
In the house on the hill,  
Something quietly sings  
Lingering still:

Warm and loving thought  
Of a brave heart,  
That cannot be taught  
By any art.

The cold and clever say  
What was, or portends.  
Their words will pass away.  
Here were his friends.

Though by the blind reviled,  
His hope for Man was one.  
The crippled child  
Smiled in the sun.

With valor his heart beat  
Though War was a bloody cloud.  
The tired man in the street  
Looked up more proud.



Bold, many-sided mind,  
Questing for all the door  
From midnight blind  
To day once more,

Here his heart is a shield,  
The sunlight sings;  
The crippled child is healed  
At Warm Springs.

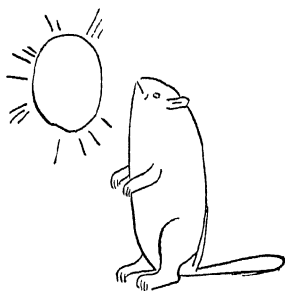
## THE SNOWDROP

*Alfred Tennyson*

Many, many welcomes,  
February fair-maid,  
Ever as of old time,  
Solitary firstling,  
Coming in the cold time,  
Prophet of the gay time,  
Prophet of the May time,  
Prophet of the roses,  
Many, many welcomes,  
February fair-maid!

# *Candlemas also Ground Hog Day*

(FEBRUARY 2)



## CANDLEMAS

*Unknown*

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,  
The half o' winter's to come and mair;  
If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,  
The half o' winter's gone at Yule.

## A CEREMONY FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

*Robert Herrick*

Down with the rosemary and so  
Down with bays and mistletoe;  
Down with the holly, ivy, all  
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall;  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least branch there left behind;  
For look, how many leaves then be  
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,  
So many goblins you shall see.

## CANDLEMAS

*Alice Brown*

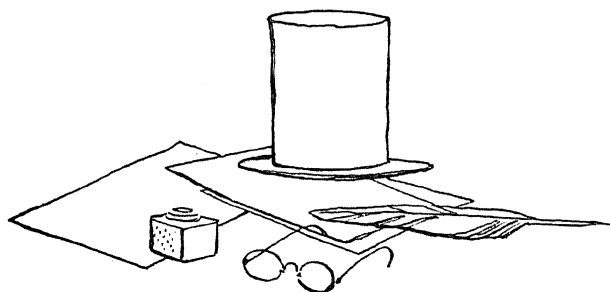
O hearken, all ye little weeds  
That lie beneath the snow,  
(So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)  
The sun hath risen for royal deeds,  
A valiant wind the vanguard leads;  
Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds  
Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, adream  
On Winter's drowsy breast,  
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)  
Arise and follow where a gleam  
Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,  
And all the woodland windings seem  
With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back! the hollow sky  
Is weary for your note.  
(Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!)  
Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,  
Shame on ye, laggards, to deny  
The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,  
The tawny, shining coat!

# *Abraham Lincoln's Birthday*

(born FEBRUARY 12, 1809)



## LINCOLN TRIUMPHANT

*Edwin Markham*

Lincoln is not dead. He lives  
In all that pities and forgives.  
He has arisen, and sheds a fire  
That makes America aspire.  
Even now, as when in life he led,  
He leads us onward from the dead;  
Yes, over the whole wide world he bends  
To make the world a world of friends.

## LINCOLN

*John Gould Fletcher*

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine  
Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills;  
And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence,  
Untended and uncared for, starts to grow.

Ungainly, laboring, huge,  
The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its branches;  
Yet in the heat of mid-summer days, when thunder clouds ring the  
horizon,  
A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all,  
Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in silence;  
Until at last, one mad stray bolt from the zenith  
Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

*Vachel Lindsay*

It is portentous, and a thing of state  
That here at midnight, in our little town  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play,  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us;—as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.  
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

## THE MASTER

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

A flying word from here and there  
Had sown the name at which we sneered,  
But soon the name was everywhere,  
To be reviled and then revered:  
A presence to be loved and feared,  
We cannot hide it, or deny  
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,  
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous  
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;  
And having made his note of us,  
He pondered and was reconciled.  
Was ever master yet so mild  
As he, and so untamable?  
We doubted, even when he smiled,  
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate  
Would shame us whom he served unsought;  
He knew that he must wince and wait—  
The jest of those for whom he fought;  
He knew devoutly what he thought  
Of us and of our ridicule;  
He knew that we must all be taught  
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task  
That he encountered and saw through,

But little of us did he ask,  
And little did we ever do.  
And what appears if we review  
The season when we railed and chaffed?  
It is the face of one who knew  
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels  
Again the venom that we flung,  
Transfigured to the world reveals  
The vigilance to which we clung.  
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among  
The mysteries that are untold,  
The face we see was never young,  
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied  
Our shopman's test of age and worth,  
Was elemental when he died,  
As he was ancient at his birth:  
The saddest among kings of earth,  
Bowed with a galling crown, this man  
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,  
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame  
Are bounded by the world alone;  
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame  
Gawful patience were his own:  
With him they are forever flown  
Past all our fond self-shadowings,  
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown  
As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:  
'Twas ours to soar and his to see,  
But we are coming down again,  
And we shall come down pleasantly;



Nor shall we longer disagree  
On what it is to be sublime,  
But flourish in our perigee  
And have one Titan at a time.

## LINCOLN

*Julia Ward Howe*

Through the dim pageant of the years  
A wondrous tracery appears;  
A cabin of the Western wild  
Shelters to sleep a newborn child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear can know  
The way those infant feet must go;  
And yet a nation's help and hope  
Are sealed within that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread  
And thought, to noble issues led,  
And courage arming for the morn  
For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways,  
Yet he achieves the forum's praise,  
And soon earth's highest meed has won,  
The seat and sway of Washington.

No throne of honors and delights;  
Distrustful days and sleepless nights,  
To struggle, suffer, and aspire,  
Like Israel, led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a sob of rest,  
A martyr's palm upon his breast,  
A welcome from the glorious seat  
Where blameless souls of heroes meet.

And thrilling through unmeasured days,  
A song of gratitude and praise;  
A cry that all the earth shall heed,  
To God, who gave him for our need.

## ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Richard Watson Gilder*

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold  
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:  
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;  
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold  
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;  
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea  
For storms to beat on; the lone agony  
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.  
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men  
As might some prophet of the elder day—  
Brooding above the tempest and the fray  
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.  
A power was his beyond the touch of art  
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

## LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

*Richard Henry Stoddard*

This man whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of nature's masterful, great men;  
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;  
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went  
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;  
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.  
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,

The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;  
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road  
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.  
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place  
To this dear benefactor of the race.

## THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN

*Walt Whitman*

This dust was once the man,  
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,  
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,  
Was saved the Union of these States.

## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

*Walt Whitman*

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here, Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

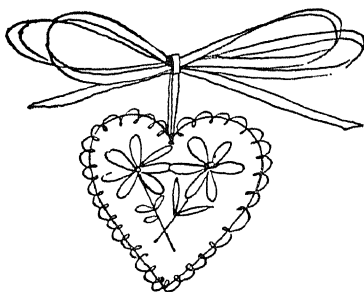
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

# St. Valentine's Day

(FEBRUARY 14)



## MY VALENTINE

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird song at morning and starshine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests  
And blue days at sea.

## A VALENTINE

*Eugene Field*

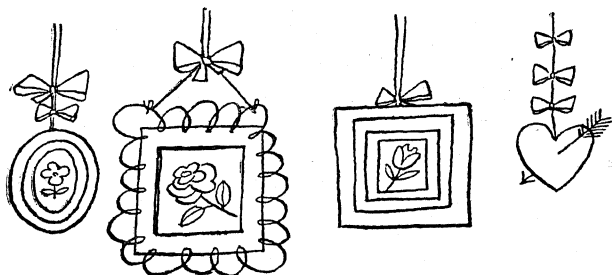
Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell  
I love her well.  
Yes, though she tramples on my heart  
And rends that bleeding thing apart;  
And though she rolls a scornful eye  
On doting me when I go by;  
And though she scouts at everything  
As tribute unto her I bring—  
Apple, banana, caramel—  
Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell,  
In spite of all, I love her well!

And further say I have a sled  
Cushioned in blue and painted red!  
The groceryman has promised I  
Can "hitch" whenever he goes by—  
Go, tell her that, and, furthermore,  
Apprise my sweetheart that a score  
Of other little girls implore  
The boon of riding on that sled  
Painted and hitched, as aforesaid;—  
And tell her, Cupid, only she  
Shall ride upon that sled with me!  
Tell her this all, and further tell  
I love her well.

## HEARTS WERE MADE TO GIVE AWAY

*Annette Wynne*

Hearts were made to give away  
On Valentine's good day;  
Wrap them up in dainty white,  
Send them off the thirteenth night,  
Any kind of heart that's handy—  
Hearts of lace, and hearts of candy,  
Hearts all trimmed with ribbands fine  
Send for good St. Valentine.  
Hearts were made to give away  
On Valentine's dear day.



## A DITTY

*Sir Philip Sidney*

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one for another given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven:  
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
I cherish his because in me it bides:  
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

## HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

## A SIMPLE DUTY

*Edgar Allan Poe*

Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being everything which now thou art,  
Be nothing which thou art not.  
So with the world thy gentle ways,  
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
Shall be an endless theme of praise,  
And love—a simple duty.

## A RED, RED ROSE

*Robert Burns*

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O, my luve's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve!  
And fare thee well awhile!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!



# George Washington's Birthday

(born FEBRUARY 22, 1732)

WASHINGTON

*Denis O'Crowley*

Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name  
Doth still adorn the Book of Fame:  
Whose deeds shall live while freemen prize  
The cause for which the Patriot dies,  
Long to Columbia may'st thou be  
The beacon light of Liberty.



WASHINGTON

*Harriet Monroe*

Oh, hero of our younger race!  
Great builder of a temple new!  
Ruler, who sought no lordly place!  
Warrior who sheathed the sword he drew!

Lover of men, who saw afar  
A world unmarred by want or war,

Who knew the path, and yet forbore  
To tread, till all men should implore;  
Who saw the light, and led the way  
Where the gray world might greet the day;

Father and leader, prophet sure,  
Whose will in vast works shall endure,  
How shall we praise him on this day of days,  
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors  
Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid.  
Through its white halls a shadowy cavalcade  
Of heroes moves o'er unresounding floors—  
Men whose brawned arms upraised these colors high  
And reared the towers that vanish in the sky,—  
The strong who, having wrought, can never, never die.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

*William Cullen Bryant*

Pale is the February sky,  
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings, in its annual round, the morn  
When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!

By snow-clad fell and frozen field,  
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,  
And rends the oak with sudden force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live  
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

## THE CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST

*George Gordon Byron*

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the Great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dare not hate,  
Bequeath the name of Washington,  
To make men blush there was but one!

(from *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*)

## CROWN OUR WASHINGTON

*Hezekiah Butterworth*

Arise—'Tis the day of our Washington's glory,  
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;  
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,  
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!  
Not with gold, nor with gems,  
But with evergreens vernal,

And the banners of stars that the continent span,  
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,  
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation; to make it immortal  
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,  
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal  
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.  
Not with gold, nor with gems,  
But with evergreens vernal,  
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,  
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,  
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!  
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring,  
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,  
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.  
We follow thy counsels,  
O hero eternal!  
To highest achievement the school leads the van,  
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,  
We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

## INSCRIPTION AT MOUNT VERNON

### *Unknown*

Washington, the brave, the wise the good,  
Supreme in war, in council, and in peace,  
Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear,  
Confident without presumption.  
In disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself.  
The hero, the patriot, the Christian.  
The father of nations, the friend of mankind,  
Who, when he had won all, renounced all,  
And sought in the bosom of his family and of nature, retirement,  
And in the hope of religion, immortality.

# MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

*William Day*

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,  
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.

There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew  
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.

There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame,  
Yet gained more glory than a Caesar's name.

There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art,  
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;

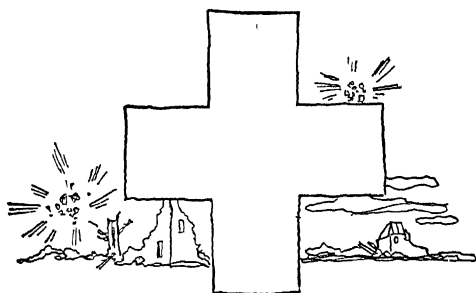
And, O Columbia, by the sons caressed,  
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed;  
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,  
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;  
But there retiring, breathed in pure renown,  
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

## WRITTEN IN MARCH

*William Wordsworth*

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun:  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest:  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising,  
There are forty feeding like one!  
Like an army defeated,  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On top of the bare hill;  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:  
There's joy in the mountains,  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing,  
The rain is over and gone!

# Red Cross Day



## RED CROSS DAY

from *Red Cross Bulletin*

“Consecrated to the needs of humanity and inspired by the love of man for his fellow, I go forth to help the unfortunate, to make strong the weak, to teach the gospel of clean living and well being.”

## THE RED CROSS

*Edna Jacques*

A little scarlet emblem  
On a field of snowy white,—  
But who shall judge the measure  
Of its valor and its might?  
It braves the fiercest battle-ground;  
It sails the seven seas;  
It floats wherever people live  
On every summer breeze.

The wounded call it blessed,  
And the sick and maimed and old  
Bend trembling lips in agony  
To kiss each shining fold.

The homeless lift their weary eyes  
Above a bombed-out street  
And see in it a blessed hope  
Their direst needs to meet.

A little home-made scarlet cross,  
So often frayed and torn,  
Circling the world on ships and wings  
And ever proudly borne.  
The symbol of our Christian faith  
In love and mercy blows:  
God keep it flying brave and white  
Wherever suffering goes.

## SANTA FILOMENA

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—



The wounded from the battle-plain  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

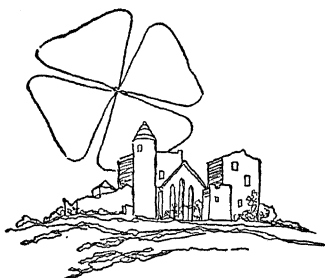
On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

# *Saint Patrick's Day*

(MARCH 17)



## THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK

*Samuel Lover*

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,  
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;  
While others declare, 'twas the ninth he was born,  
And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and morn;  
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,  
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—  
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know  
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in ould Ireland, they say,  
Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday;  
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,  
And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye!  
At last, both the factions so positive grew,  
That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,  
Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them their sins,  
Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,  
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;

Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,  
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.  
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show  
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"  
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complateed their bliss,  
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

## ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

*Henry Bennett*

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,  
Who came of decent people;  
He built a church in Dublin town,  
And on it put a steeple.  
His father was a Gallagher;  
His mother was a Brady;  
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,  
His uncle an O'Grady.  
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
For he's a saint so clever;  
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,  
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;  
But there's a hill, much bigger still,  
Much higher nor them both, sir.  
'Twas on the top of this high hill  
St. Patrick preached his sarmint  
That drove the frogs into the bogs,  
And banished all the varmint.  
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
For he's a saint so clever;  
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And bothered them forever!

# THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND

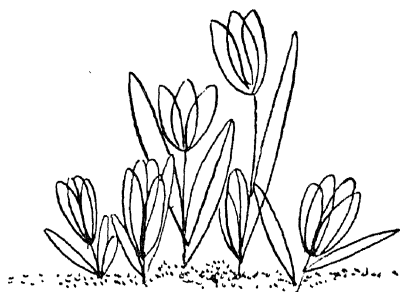
*Andrew Cherry*

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it;  
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland;  
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland—  
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,  
In each climate that they may appear in;  
And shine through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,  
Just like our own dear little shamrock of Ireland,  
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
When its three little leaves are extended,  
Denotes on one stalk we together should toil,  
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;  
And still through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,  
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,  
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

# *First Day of Spring*



## THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

*Robert Browning*

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

# Ash Wednesday

## ASH WEDNESDAY

*Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni*

Of votive lights there were only seven,  
And each burned a prayer to the God in heaven.  
Five candles were blue, one green, and one red,  
Six burned for the living, and one for the dead.  
The belfry was old and the church was bare,  
Only the voice of the wind and the rain was there.  
"I can snuff the candles," said the voice of the rain  
As downward it drifted through a cracked window pane,  
"I can snuff the candles!" said the wind in the eaves,  
"Who cares for a hope, or a heart that grieves?"  
And the blue lights flickered, and the green one died  
Before the bowed head of the meek Crucified.  
But the last to flicker was the one bright red—  
The candle that burned for the lonely dead.

# *Lent*

## A TRUE LENT

*Robert Herrick*

Is this a fast, to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,  
Or Ragg'd to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat  
And meat  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate;  
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin;  
Not bin:  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

## THE LENT LILY

*A. E. Housman*

'Tis spring; come out to ramble  
The hilly brakes around,  
For under thorn and bramble  
About the hollow ground  
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly  
With all the winds at play,  
And there's the Lenten lily  
That has not long to stay  
And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying  
You find the primrose still,  
And find the windflower playing  
With every wind at will,  
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally  
Upon the spring's array,  
And bear from hill and valley  
The daffodil away  
That dies on Easter day.



# *Palm Sunday*

## THE DONKEY

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton*

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon the thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will;  
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;  
One far fierce hour and sweet:  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

# *Good Friday*

## CHRIST CRUCIFIED

*Richard Crashaw*

Thy restless feet now cannot go  
For us and our eternal good,  
As they were ever wont. What though  
They swim, alas! in their own flood?

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift,  
Yet will Thy hand still giving be;  
It gives, but Oh, itself's the gift!  
It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

## A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

*Sidney Lanier*

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him;  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.

When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
When out of the woods He came.

## SHEEP AND LAMBS

*Katharine Tynan Hinkson*

All in the April morning,  
April airs were abroad;  
The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs  
Pass'd me by on the road;  
All in an April evening  
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying  
With a weak human cry,  
I thought on the Lamb of God  
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains  
Dewy pastures are sweet:  
Rest for the little bodies,  
Rest for the little feet.

All in the April evening,  
April airs were abroad;  
I saw the sheep with their lambs,  
And thought on the Lamb of God.

# *Easter*



## REST REMAINETH

*Robert Browning*

Easter day breaks!  
Christ rises! Mercy every way is infinite—  
Earth breaks up; time drops away;  
In flows heaven with its new day  
Of endless life—  
What is left for us save in growth  
Of soul to rise up . . .  
From the gift looking to the giver,  
And from the cistern to the river,  
And from the finite to infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's divinity.

## ASSURANCE

*Grace Noll Crowell*

I walked this Easter morning in the wood  
And found it good  
To move along the moss-thick aisles and feel  
The quick desire to kneel

In that great dim cathedral, still and vast.  
Surely the Lord has passed  
That way. I saw His sandal footprints there,  
And on my hair  
I felt His hand as the golden sun streamed through  
The small leaves thin and new,  
And in the wind of spring I heard His voice  
Bidding my heart rejoice.

"I am the resurrection and the life,"  
He said, and the wood was rife  
With stem and bud and leaf and opening flower  
Rising that very hour  
Out of the darkness with the winter past.  
Thus I, some far-off dawn  
Will arise and take my sure and certain way  
Into eternal day,  
Swifter than the arrows of the wind can go—  
Christ says it will be so.

## EASTER MUSIC

*Margaret Wade Deland*

Blow, golden trumpets, sweet and clear,  
Blow soft upon the perfumed air;  
Bid the sad earth to join our song,  
"To Christ does victory belong!"

Oh, let the winds your message bear  
To every heart of grief and care;  
Sound through the world the joyful lay,  
"Our Christ hath conquered Death today!"

On cloudy wings let glad words fly  
Through the soft blue of echoing sky:  
Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear,  
"Through Death immortal Life is here!"

## AN EASTER CAROL

*Christina G. Rossetti*

Spring bursts today,  
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun,  
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.  
Winter is past,  
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.  
Bud, Fig and Vine,  
Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and wine.  
Break forth this morn  
In roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn.  
Uplift thy head,  
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.  
Beside your dams  
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.  
All Herds and Flocks  
Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.  
Sing, Creatures, sing,  
Angels and Men and Birds and everything.  
All notes of Doves  
Fill all our world: this is the time of loves.

## SOFTLY THROUGH THE MELLOW STARLIGHT

*Unknown*

Softly through the mellow starlight  
Steals a strain of silver song:  
Lo! the echoing hills proclaim it,  
Waft the glad refrain along.  
Glory, glory, Christ is risen!  
Whispered in the starlit way,

List' the lovely shades re-echo  
Christ the Lord is risen today.

Happy bands in shining raiment  
Fill the arch of Heaven's dome,  
Sweep their hearts to strains so tender  
Wafted from their distant home.

Softly through life's shaded valley  
Comes once more the silverstrain,  
Borne on angel pinions to us,  
And we join the sweet refrain.  
Glory, glory, Christ is risen!  
Whispered in the starlit way,  
List' the lovely shades re-echo  
Christ the Lord is risen today!

## EASTER

*Edwin L. Sabin*

The barrier stone has rolled away,  
And loud the angels sing;  
The Christ comes forth this blessed day  
To reign, a deathless King.  
For shall we not believe He lives  
Through such awakening?  
Behold, how God each April gives  
The miracle of Spring.

## SONG

*William Watson*

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears,  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears.  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!



# April Fools' Day

(APRIL 1)



## ALL FOOLS' DAY

*Unknown*

The First of April, some do say  
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;  
But why the people call it so  
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.  
But on this day are people sent  
On purpose for pure merriment.

—(from *Poor Robin's Almanack*)

## THE FIRST OF APRIL

*William Hone*

When indoor young ones club their wicked wits,  
And almost frighten servants into fits—  
“Oh, John! James! John!— Oh, quick! oh, Molly, oh!  
Oh, the trap-door! oh, Molly! down below!”  
“What, what’s the matter!” scream, with wild surprise,  
John, James, and Molly, while the young ones’ cries  
Redouble till they come; then all the boys

Shout, "Ah, you April fools!" with clamorous noise;  
And little girls, enticed downstairs to see,  
Stand peeping, clap their hands, and cry "Te-hee!"  
Each gibing boy escapes a different way,  
And meet again, some trick "as good as that" to play.

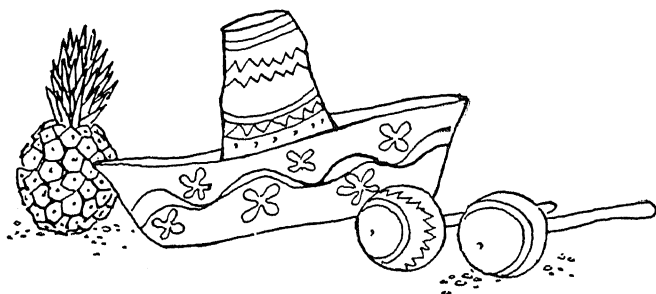
## THE FIRST OF APRIL

*Geoffrey Johnson*

Today the swards of heaven are merry;  
It is not dew alone, but laughter  
That shakes the whiteness of wild cherry  
And sets the blackbirds ringing after.  
The saints of earth who got derision  
And stripes for their translunar dreaming,  
The fools of all the world whose vision  
Was set on brave impossible scheming;  
Have somehow met and greet each other  
Like rivers to one ocean running:  
Saint Francis hails Columbus brother,  
Sir Thomas More and Lamb are punning.  
The clouds are splendour-splashed or frowning  
In antics of divine unreason;  
Saint Hilary leads the fools in clowning  
And Goldsmith flutes the saintly glees on,  
While blackbirds mimic with their laughter  
The cries, "Who thought it would ensue, sir,  
That we should meet such ages after?  
A merry First to you . . . and you, sir."

# *Pan American Day*

(APRIL 14)



## HYMN OF THE NEW WORLD

*Percy MacKaye*

A star—a star in the west!  
Out of the wave it rose:  
And it led us forth on a world-far quest;  
Where the mesas scorched and the moorlands froze.  
It lured us without rest:  
With yearning, yearning—ah!  
It sang (as it beckoned us)  
A music vast, adventurous—  
America!

A star—a star in the night!  
Out of our hearts it dawned!  
And it poured within its wonderful light;  
Where our hovels gloomed and our hunger spawned  
It healed our passionate blight:  
And burning, burning—ah!  
It clanged (as it kindled us)  
Of a freedom proud and perilous—  
America!

A star—a star in the dawn!  
Bright from God's brow it gleams!  
Like a morning star in ages gone  
With hallowed song its holy beams  
Urge us forever on:  
For chanting, chanting—ah!  
It builds (as it blesses us)  
A union strong, harmonious—  
America!

## PANAMA

*James Jeffrey Roche*

Here the oceans twain have waited  
All the ages to be mated—  
Waited long and waited vainly,  
Though the script was written plainly:  
"This, the portal of the sea,  
Opes for him who holds the key;  
Here the empire of the earth  
Waits in patience for its birth."

But the Spanish monarch, dimly  
Seeing little, answered grimly:  
"North and South the land is Spain's;  
As God gave it, it remains.  
He who seeks to break the tie,  
By mine honor, he shall die!"

So the centuries rolled on,  
And the gift of great Colon,  
Like a spendthrift's heritage,  
Dwindled slowly, age by age,  
Till the flag of red and gold  
Fell from hands unnerved and old,  
And the granite-pillared gate  
Waited still the key of fate.

Who shall hold that magic key  
But the child of destiny,  
In whose veins has mingled long  
All the best blood of the strong?  
He who takes his place by grace  
Of no single tribe or race,  
But by many a rich bequest  
From the bravest and the best.  
Sentinel of duty, here  
Must he guard a hemisphere.

Let the old world keep its ways;  
Naught to him its blame or praise;  
Naught its greed, or hate, or fear;  
For all swords be sheathed here.  
Yea, the gateway shall be free  
Unto all, from sea to sea;  
And no fratricidal slaughter  
Shall defile its sacred water;  
But—the hand that ope'd the gate  
Shall forever hold the key!

## GOETHALS, THE PROPHET ENGINEER

*Percy MacKaye*

A man went down to Panama  
Where many a man had died  
To slit the sliding mountains  
And lift the eternal tide:  
A man stood up in Panama,  
And the mountains stood aside.

For a poet wrought in Panama  
With a continent for his theme,  
And he wrote with flood and fire  
To forge a planet's dream,  
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs  
And his stanzas roared in steam.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze  
He leads the liners through,  
And the Horn that tossed Magellan  
Bellows a far halloo,  
For where the navies never sailed  
Steamed Goethals and his crew.

So nevermore the tropic routes  
Need poleward warp and veer,  
But on through the Gates of Goethals  
The steady keels shall steer,  
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace  
By the prophet-engineer.

## THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

*Edwin Markham*

After volcanoes husht with snows,  
Up where the wide-winged condor goes,  
Great Aconcagua, husht and high,  
Sends down the ancient peace of the sky.

So, poised in clean Andean air,  
Where bleak with cliffs the grim peaks stare,  
Christ, reaching out his sacred hands,  
Sheds his brave peace upon the lands.

There once of old wild battles roared  
And brother-blood was on the sword;  
Now all the fields are rich with grain  
And only roses redden the plain.

Torn were the peoples with feuds and hates—  
Fear on the mountain-walls, death at the gates;  
Then through the clamor of arms was heard  
A whisper of the Master's word.

“Fling down your swords; be friends again:  
Ye are not wolf-packs: ye are men.  
Let brother-counsel be the Law:  
Not serpent fang, not tiger claw.”

Chile and Argentina heard;  
The great hopes in their spirits stirred;  
The red swords from their clenched fists fell,  
And heaven shone out where once was hell!

They hurled their cannons into flame  
And out of the forge the strong Christ came.  
'Twas thus they molded in happy fire  
The tall Christ of their hearts' desire . . .

O Christ of Olivet, you husht the wars  
Under the far Andean stars:  
Lift now your strong nail-wounded hands  
Over all peoples, over all lands—  
Stretch out those comrade hands to be  
A shelter over land and sea!

# *Patriots' Day*

(APRIL 19)



## CONCORD HYMN

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set today a votive stone;  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.



## NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE

*Edward Everett Hale*

'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine knot's red light  
Brooks lay, half-asleep, when he heard the alarm,—  
Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:  
"The Red-Coats are out, and have passed Phips's farm."

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word:  
Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;  
To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,  
Strapped the girths and the bridle, and sprang to her back.

Up the North County road at her full pace she strode,  
Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say,  
"We have got the alarm,—they have left Phips's farm;  
You rouse the East Precinct, and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;  
They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me:  
"Turn out right away; let no minute-man stay;  
The Red-Coats have landed at Phips's," says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;  
At Nahum's the men from the Saw-Mill came down;  
So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,  
And said, "Forward, march!" there marched forward the town.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,  
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!  
O Lord, God of might, let thine angels of light  
Lead thy children tonight to the glories of day!  
And let thy stars fight all the foes of the Right  
As the stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed our march,  
Till the last of them faded in twilight away;  
And with morning's bright beam, by the banks of the stream  
Half the county marched in, and we heard Davis say:

"On the King's own highway I may travel all day,  
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he;  
"I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head."  
Then he turned to the boys, "Forward, march! Follow me."

And we marched as he said, and the Fifer he played  
The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well.  
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid;  
That bridge we'd have had, though a thousand men fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.  
We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to stay;  
Down the Lexington way we stormed, black, white, and gray.  
We were first in the feast, and were last in the fray.

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay.  
They levelled, they fired, they charged up the road.  
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head  
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,  
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls,  
And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe's—  
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon-balls.

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me;  
Fill your horn from mine,—let me lie where I be.  
Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free,  
Left their King on his throne, and came over the sea;  
And that man is a knave, or a fool who, to save  
His life for a minute, would live like a slave."

Well, all would not do! There were men good as new,—  
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away,—  
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell;  
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them, all day.  
We knew, every one, it was war that begun,  
When that morning's marching was only half done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,  
I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.  
'Twas my last charge of lead; and I aimed her and said,  
"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Munroe,  
And Baker and Abram, and I made a bed.  
We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat;  
But we'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said:

"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me  
To march to the sea by this road where we've come;  
But confound this whole day, but we'd all of us say  
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,  
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den.  
And never since then, in the memory of men,  
Has the Old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town tonight,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charleston shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.  
Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead:

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

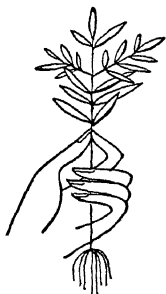
You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

# Arbor Day

(DATES VARY IN DIFFERENT STATES)



## MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING

*Richard Watson Gilder*

Stay as the tree—go as the wind;  
Whate'er thy place, serve God and kind!

The tree holds commerce with the skies  
Tho' from its place it never flies.

They serve their God; they do not roam,  
The stormy winds that have no home.

## TREES

*Bliss Carman*

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,  
There were goodly trees in the springing sod—  
Trees of beauty and height and grace,  
To stand in splendor before His face:



Apple and hickory, ash and pear,  
Oak and beech, and the tulip rare,  
The trembling aspen, the noble pine,  
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,  
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;  
Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,  
Trees for the cunning builders' trade;  
Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,  
The keel and the mast of the daring sail—

He made them of every grain and girth  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.  
Then lest the Soul should not lift her eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,  
On the crown of a hill, for all to see,  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

## THE TREE

*Jones Very*

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,  
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,  
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,  
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;  
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen  
To veil from view the early robin's nest,  
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,  
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;  
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,  
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,

When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,  
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,  
And through thy leafless arms to look above  
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

## THE POPLARS

### *Theodosia Garrison*

My poplars are like ladies trim,  
Each conscious of her own estate;  
In costume somewhat over prim,  
In manner cordially sedate,  
Like two old neighbors met to chat  
Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats—  
I fancy still their talk must be  
Of rose-conserves and Persian cats,  
And lavender and Indian tea;—  
I wonder sometimes as I pass  
If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn,  
I like to think they answer, too,  
With that benign assurance born  
When youth gives age the reverence due,  
And bend their wise heads as I go  
As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door,  
Oh, kindly neighbors garbed in green,  
And bend with rustling welcome o'er  
The many friends who pass between;  
And where the little children play  
Look down with gracious mien.

## A YOUNG FIRWOOD

*Dante G. Rossetti*

These little firs today are things  
To clasp into a giant's cap,  
Or fans to suit his lady's lap.  
From many winters, many springs  
Shall cherish them in strength and sap,  
Till they be marked upon the map,  
A wood for the wind's wanderings.

All seed is in the sower's hands:  
And what at first was trained to spread  
Its shelter for some single head,—  
Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—  
May hide the sunset, and the shade  
Of its great multitude be laid  
Upon the earth and elder sands.



## TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BURROUGHS

*Catherine Parmenter*

In the pathways of heaven—  
I see you walking there,  
The sunlight softly falling  
Upon your snowy hair.

A wood thrush sings a welcome  
In a burst of melody . . .  
A squirrel chatters shrilly  
From the bough of a tree.

Great hemlocks lift their branches  
High against the azure blue . . .  
And all the baby spruces  
Stretch forth their arms to you.

In the pathways of heaven—  
I see you walking there,  
The sunlight softly falling  
Upon your snowy hair.

## IN PRAISE OF JOHNNY APPLESEED

(born 1775; died 1847)

*Vachel Lindsay*

### I. OVER THE APPALACHIAN BARRICADE

In the days of President Washington,  
The glory of the nations,  
Dust and ashes,  
Snow and sleet,  
And hay and oats and wheat,  
Blew west,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
Found the glades of rotting leaves, the soft deer-pastures,  
The farms of the far-off future  
In the forest.  
Colts jumped the fence,  
Snorting, ramping, snapping, sniffing,  
With gastronomic calculations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,

The east walls of our citadel,  
And turned to gold-horned unicorns,  
Feasting in the dim, volunteer farms of the forest.  
Stripedest, kickingest kittens escaped,  
Caterwauling "Yankee Doodle Dandy."  
Renounced their poor relations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
And turned to tiny tigers  
In the humorous forest.  
Chickens escaped  
From farmyard congregations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
And turned to amber trumpets  
On the ramparts of our Hoosiers' nest and citadel,  
Millennial heralds  
Of the foggy mazy forest.  
Pigs broke loose, scrambled west,  
Scorned their loathsome stations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
Turned to roaming, foaming wild boars  
Of the forest.  
The smallest, blindest puppies toddled west  
While their eyes were coming open,  
And, with misty observations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
Barked, barked, barked,  
At the glow-worms and the marsh lights and the lightning-bugs,  
And turned to ravening wolves  
Of the forest.  
Crazy parrots and canaries flew west,  
Drunk on May-time revelations,  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
And turned to delirious, flower-dressed fairies  
Of the lazy forest.  
Haughtiest swans and peacocks swept west,  
And, despite soft derivations,  
Crossed the Appalachians.  
And turned to blazing warrior souls

Of the forest,  
Singing the ways  
Of the Ancient of Days.  
And the "Old Continentals  
In their ragged regimentals,"  
With bard's imaginations,  
Crossed the Appalachians.  
And  
A boy  
Blew west,  
And with prayers and incantations,  
And with "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"  
Crossed the Appalachians,  
And was "young John Chapman,"  
Then  
"Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,"  
Chief of the fastnesses, dappled and vast,  
In a pack on his back,  
In a deer-hide sack,  
The beautiful orchards of the past,  
The ghosts of all the forests and the groves—  
In that pack on his back,  
In that talisman sack,  
Tomorrow's peaches, pears, and cherries,  
Tomorrow's grapes and red raspberries,  
Seeds and tree-souls, precious things,  
Feathered with microscopic wings,  
All the outdoors the child heart knows,  
And the apple, green, red, and white,  
Sun of his day and his night—  
The apple allied to the thorn,  
Child of the rose.  
Porches untrod of forest houses  
All before him, all day long,  
"Yankee Doodle" his marching song;  
And the evening breeze  
Joined his psalms of praise  
As he sang the ways

Of the Ancient of Days.  
Leaving behind august Virginia,  
Proud Massachusetts, and proud Maine.  
Planting the trees that would march and train  
On, in his name to the great Pacific,  
Like Birnam wood to Dunsinane,  
Johnny Appleseed swept on,  
Every shackle gone,  
Loving every sloshy brake,  
Loving every skunk and snake,  
Loving every leathery weed,  
Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,  
Master and ruler of the unicorn-ramping forest,  
The tiger-mewing forest,  
The rooster-trumpeting, boar-foaming, wolf-ravening forest,  
The spirit-haunted, fairy-enchanted forest,  
Stupendous and endless,  
Searching its perilous ways  
In the name of the Ancient of Days.

## II. THE INDIANS WORSHIP HIM, BUT HE HURRIES ON

Painted kings in the midst of the clearing  
Heard him asking his friends the eagles  
To guard each planted seed and seedling.  
Then he was a god, to the red men's dreaming;  
Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque and fair,—  
Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,  
Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—  
Stuck holy feathers in his hair.  
Hailed him with austere delight.  
The orchard god was their guest through the night.

While the late snow blew from bleak Lake Erie,  
Scourging rock and river and reed,  
All night long they made great medicine  
For Jonathan Chapman,  
Johnny Appleseed,

Johnny Appleseed;  
And as though his heart were a wind-blown wheat-sheaf,  
As though his heart were a new built nest,  
As though their heaven house were his breast,  
In swept the snowbirds singing glory.  
And I hear his bird heart beat its story,  
Hear yet how the ghost of the forest shivers,  
Hear yet the cry of the gray, old orchards,  
Dim and decaying by the rivers,  
And the timid wings of the bird-ghosts beating,  
And the ghosts of the tom-toms beating, beating.

But he left their wigwams and their love.  
By the hour of dawn he was proud and stark,  
Kissed the Indian babes with a sigh,  
Went forth to live on roots and bark,  
Sleep in the trees, while the years howled by.  
Calling the catamounts by name,  
And buffalo bulls no hand could tame.  
Slaying never a living creature,  
Joining the birds in every game,  
With the gorgeous turkey gobblers mocking,  
With the lean-necked eagles boxing and shouting;  
Sticking their feathers in his hair,—  
Turkey feathers,  
Eagle feathers,  
Trading hearts with all beasts and weathers  
He swept on, winged and wonder-crested,  
Bare-armed, barefooted, and bare-breasted.  
The maples, shedding their spinning seeds,  
Called to his appleseeds in the ground,  
Vast chestnut-trees, with their butterfly nations,  
Called to his seeds without a sound.  
And the chipmunk turned a "summerset."  
And the foxes danced the Virginia reel;  
Hawthorn and crab-thorn bent, rain-wet,  
And dropped their flowers in his night-black hair;  
And the soft fawns stopped for his perorations;



And his black eyes shone through the forest-gleam,  
And he plunged young hands into new-turned earth,  
And prayed dear orchard boughs into birth;  
And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream,  
And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream,  
And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream.  
And so for us he made great medicine,  
And so for us he made great medicine,  
And so for us he made great medicine.  
In the days of President Washington.

### III. JOHNNY APPLESEED'S OLD AGE

Long, long after,  
When settlers put up beam and rafter,  
They asked the birds: "Who gave this fruit?  
Who watched this fence till the seeds took root?  
Who gave these boughs?" They asked the sky,  
And there was no reply.  
But the robin might have said,  
"To the farthest West he has followed the sun,  
His life and his empire just begun."  
Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for wages,  
Stripped, like the iron-souled Hindu sages,  
Draped like a statue, in strings like a scare-crow,  
His helmet-hat an old tin pan,  
But worn in the love of the heart of man,  
More sane than the helm of Tamerlane!  
Hairy Ainu, wild man of Borneo, Robinson Crusoe—Johnny Apple-  
seed!  
And the robin might have said,  
"Sowing, he goes to the far, new West,  
With the apple, the sun of his burning breast—  
The apple allied to the thorn,  
Child of the rose."

Washington buried in Virginia,  
Jackson buried in Tennessee,

Young Lincoln, brooding in Illinois,  
And Johnny Appleseed, priestly and free,  
Knotted and gnarled, past seventy years,  
Still planted on in the woods alone.

Ohio and young Indiana—

These were his wide altar-stone,  
Where still he burnt out flesh and bone.

Twenty days ahead of the Indian, twenty years ahead of the white man,  
At last the Indian overtook him, at last the Indian hurried past him;  
At last the white man overtook him, at last his own trees hurried past  
him.

Many cats were tame again,

Many ponies tame again,

Many pigs were tame again,

Many canaries tame again;

And the real frontier was his sunburnt breast.

From the fiery core of that apple, the earth,

Sprang apple-amaranths divine.

Love's orchards climbed to the heavens of the West

And snowed the earthly sod with flowers.

Farm hands from the terraces of the blest

Danced on the mists with their ladies fine;

And Johnny Appleseed laughed with his dreams,

And swam once more the ice-cold streams.

And the doves of the spirit swept through the hours,

With doom-calls, love-calls, death-calls, dream-calls;

And Johnny Appleseed, all that year,

Lifted his hands to the farm-filled sky,

To the apple-harvesters busy on high;

And so once more his youth began,

And so for us he made great medicine—

Johnny Appleseed, medicine-man.

Then

The sun was their turned-up broken barrel,

Out of which their juicy apples rolled,

Down the repeated terraces,

Thumping across the gold,

An angel in each apple that touched the forest mold,  
A ballot-box in each apple,  
A state capital in each apple,  
Great high-schools, great colleges,  
All America in each apple,  
Each red, rich, round, and bouncing moon  
That touched the forest mold.  
Like scrolls and rolled-up flags of silk,  
He saw the fruits unfold,  
And all our expectations in one wild-flower written dream.  
Confusion, and death-sweetness, and a thicket of crab-thorns!  
Heart of a hundred midnights, heart of the merciful morns.  
Heaven's boughs bent down with their alchemy,  
Perfumed airs, and thoughts of wonder.  
And the dew on the grass and his own cold tears  
Were one in brooding mystery,  
Though death's loud thunder came upon him,  
Though death's loud thunder struck him down—  
The boughs and the proud thoughts swept through the thunder,  
Till he saw our wide nation, each State a flower,  
Each petal a park for holy feet,  
With wild fawns merry on every street,  
With wild fawns merry on every street,  
The vista of ten thousand years, flower-lighted and complete.

Hear the lazy weeds murmuring, bays and rivers whispering,  
From Michigan to Texas, California to Maine;  
Listen to the eagles screaming, calling,  
"Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,"  
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built,  
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were the quilt.  
He laid him down sweetly, and slept through the night,  
Like a stone washed white,  
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

# Bird Day

(USUALLY OBSERVED WITH ARBOR DAY)

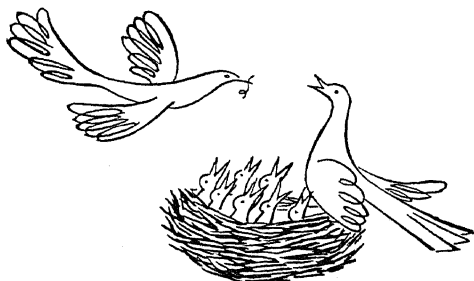
## A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

*Joseph Auslander*

Heaven is in my hand, and I  
Touched a heartbeat of the sky,  
Hearing a blackbird cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,  
Lone flute of God, how can you sing  
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,  
And given my spirit wings until it stirred  
Like you—a bird.



## JOY OF THE MORNING

*Edwin Markham*

I hear you, little bird,  
Shouting a-swing above the broken wall.  
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.

Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood :  
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word :  
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white, still dawn  
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,  
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—  
(The world's mysterious stir)  
But had no throat like yours, my bird,  
Nor such a listener.

## TAMPA ROBINS

*Sidney Lanier*

The robin laughed in the orange tree :  
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!  
While breasts are red and wings are bold  
And green trees wave us globes of gold,  
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—  
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,  
My orange-planets: crimson I  
Will shine and shoot among the spheres  
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)  
And thrid the heavenly orange tree  
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;  
My wing is king of the summer time;  
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;  
And I'll call down through the green and gold,  
'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me.  
Bestir thee under the orange tree.' "

## THE THRUSH'S NEST

*John Clare*

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,  
That overhung a molehill large and round,  
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush  
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound  
With joy; and often, an intruding guest,  
I watched her secret toil from day to day—  
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,  
And modelled it within with wood and clay;  
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,  
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,  
Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;  
And there I witnessed in the sunny hours,  
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,  
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

## THE SWALLOWS

*Edwin Arnold*

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,  
All at a flash like the darting of a flame,  
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—  
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple,  
And ruffs of russet round each little throat,  
Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters,  
Mariners sailing with never a boat.

## MAY

*Edmund Spenser*

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,  
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,  
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:  
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride;  
    The twins of Leda, which on either side  
    Supported her like to their sovereign queen.  
    Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spied,  
    And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,  
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

# May Day

(MAY 1)

## SONG ON A MAY MORNING

*John Milton*

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
Hail, Bounteous May, that doth inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



## THE MAY QUEEN

*Alfred Tennyson*

You must wake and call me early,  
call me early, mother dear;  
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of  
all the glad New-year;



Of all the glad New-year, mother, the  
maddest merriest day;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they  
say, but none so bright as mine;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's  
Kate and Caroline:  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the  
land they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that  
I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the  
day begins to break:  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and  
buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think  
ye should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge be-  
neath the hazel-tree?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother,  
I gave him yesterday—  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for  
I was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking,  
like a flash of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care  
not what they say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but  
that can never be:  
They say his heart is breaking, mother  
—what is that to me?  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me  
any summer day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me tomorrow  
to the green,  
And you will be there, too, mother, to  
see me made the Queen;  
For the shepherd lads on every side  
will come from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has  
wov'n its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the  
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines  
like fire in swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother,  
upon the meadow-grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to  
brighten as they pass;  
There will not be a drop of rain the  
whole of the live-long day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be fresh  
and green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are  
over all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will  
merrily glance and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early,  
call me early, mother dear,  
Tomorrow 'ill be the happiest time of  
all the glad New-year:  
Tomorrow 'ill be of all the year the  
maddest merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

## CORINNA'S MAYING

*Robert Herrick*

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
See how Aurora throws her fair  
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:  
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
The dew bespangling herb and tree!  
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east  
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,  
Nay! not so much as out of bed?  
When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation, to keep in,  
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,  
And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
For jewels for your gown, or hair:  
Fear not; the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you:  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself, or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:  
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark  
How each field turns a street, each street a park,  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees! see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough  
Or branch! Each porch, each door, ere this,  
An ark, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see't?  
Come we'll abroad: and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May,  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

# Mother's Day

(2nd SUNDAY in MAY)



## THE MOTHER IN THE HOUSE

*Hermann Hagedorn*

For such as you, I do believe,  
Spirits their softest carpets weave,  
And spread them out with gracious hand  
Wherever you walk, wherever you stand.

For such as you, of scent and dew  
Spirits their rarest nectar brew,  
And where you sit and where you sup  
Pour beauty's elixir in your cup.

For all day long, like other folk,  
You bear the burden, wear the yoke,  
And yet when I look in your eyes at eve  
You are lovelier than ever, I do believe.

## SONGS FOR MY MOTHER: HER HANDS

### *Anna Hempstead Branch*

My mother's hands are cool and fair,  
They can do anything.  
Delicate memories hide them there  
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,  
She used to come to me,  
And with my cheek upon her hand  
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched  
Of beautiful or fine,  
Their memories living in her hands  
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remembered how they played  
One time in meadow streams,—  
And all the flickering song and shade  
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass  
Memories of garden things;—  
I dipped my face in flowers and grass  
And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed  
Brown pastures bleak and far;—  
I leaned my cheek into a mist  
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago  
And I am grown; but yet  
The hand that lured my slumber so  
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on  
It seems so soft and cool,  
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,  
Hollow and beautiful.

## MY TRUST

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

A picture memory brings to me:  
I look across the years and see  
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain  
My selfish moods, and know again  
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,  
My childhood's needs are better known,  
My mother's chastening love I own.

## LONESOME

*Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two,  
An' oh, the house is lonesome ez a nest whose birds has flew  
To other trees to build ag'in; the rooms seem jest so bare  
That the echoes run like sperrits from the kitchen to the stair.  
The shetters flap more lazy-like'n what they used to do,  
Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

We've killed the fattest chicken an' we've cooked her to a turn;  
We've made the richest gravy, but I jest don't give a durn  
Fur nothin' 'at I drink or eat, er nothin' 'at I see.  
The food ain't got the pleasant taste it used to have to me.  
They's somep'n stickin' in my throat ez tight ez hardened glue,  
Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

The hollyhocks air jest ez pink, they're double ones at that,  
An' I wuz prouder of 'em than a baby of a cat.  
But now I don't go near 'em though they nod an' blush at me,  
Fur they's somep'n seems to gall me in their keerless sort of glee  
An' all their fren'ly noddin' an' their blushin' seems to say:  
"You're purty lonesome, John, old boy, sence mother's gone away."

The neighbors ain't so fren'ly ez it seems they'd ort to be;  
They seem to be a-lookin' kinder sideways like at me,  
A-kinder feared they'd tech me off ez ef I waz a match,  
An' all because 'at mother's gone an' I'm a-keeping batch!  
I'm shore I don't do nothin' worse'n what I used to do  
'Fore mother went a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

The sparrows ac's more fearsome like an' won't hop quite so near,  
The cricket's chirp is sadder, an' the sky ain't ha'f so clear;  
When evenin' comes I set an' smoke tell my eyes begin to swim,  
An' things aroun' commence to look all blurred an' faint an' dim.  
Well, I guess I'll have to own up 'at I'm feeling purty blue  
Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

## A BOY'S MOTHER

*James Whitcomb Riley*

My mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as I could be,  
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—  
Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;  
She loves me when I'm good er bad;  
An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me,—  
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'. Nen I cry; an' nen  
We both cry an' be good again.



She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.  
  
She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,  
An' love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.

## TO MY MOTHER

*Thomas Moore*

They tell us of an Indian tree  
Which howso'er the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free  
And shoot and blossom, wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms  
Downward again to that dear earth  
From which the life, that fills and warms  
Its grateful being, first had birth.  
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends,  
And fed with fame (if fame it be),  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,  
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

## WHAT RULES THE WORLD

*William Ross Wallace*

They say that man is mighty,  
He governs land and sea,  
He wields a mighty sceptre  
O'er lesser powers than he;  
  
But a mighty power and stronger  
Man from his throne has hurled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

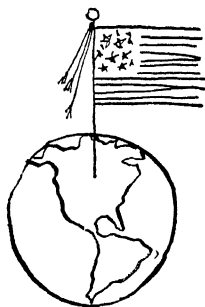
# Armed Forces Day

(3rd SATURDAY in MAY)

## THE HERO

*Ambrose Bierce*

We do not know—we can but deem,  
And he is loyalest and best  
Who takes the light full on his breast  
And follows it throughout the dream.



## THE REVEILLÉ

*Bret Harte*

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
And of armed men the hum;  
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered  
Round the quick alarming drum,—  
Saying, "Come,  
Freemen, come!  
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:  
War is not of life the sum;  
Who shall stay and reap the harvest  
When the autumn days shall come?"  
But the drum  
Echoed, "Come!  
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,  
What of profit springs therefrom?  
What if conquest, subjugation,  
Even greater ills become?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,  
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,  
When my brothers fall around me,  
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,  
Some in faith, and doubting some,  
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,  
Said, "My chosen people, come!"  
Then the drum  
Lo! was dumb,  
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we  
come!"

## OLD IRONSIDES

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

Oh better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

# JOHN PAUL JONES

*Richard Watson Gilder*

## I

Behold our first great warrior of the sea  
Who, in our war to make the half world free,  
His knightly sword in noble anger drew!  
Born to the Old, he visioned clear the New.

## II

Born to the New—and shall we lose our faith  
And mourn for freedom as a fleeing wraith?  
Or heroes swift as he, and valorous, find  
In bloodless battles of the unfettered mind!

## THE MARINES' HYMN

OFFICIAL SONG OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

*Unknown*

From the Halls of Montezuma  
To the shores of Tripoli;  
We fight our country's battles  
In the air, on land and sea;  
First to fight for right and freedom,  
And to keep our honor clean;  
We are proud to claim the title  
Of United States Marine.

Our Flag's unfurl'd to ev'ry breeze  
From dawn to setting sun;  
We have fought in ev'ry clime and place  
Where we could take a gun;

In the snow of far off Northern lands  
And in sunny tropic scenes;  
You will find us always on the job  
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps  
Which we are proud to serve;  
In many a strife we've fought for life  
And never lost our nerve;  
If the Army and the Navy  
Ever look on Heaven's scenes;  
They will find the streets are guarded  
By United States Marines.

## THE U. S. AIR FORCE

OFFICIAL SONG OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

*Robert Crawford*

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,  
Climbing high into the sun;  
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,  
At 'em, boys,—Give 'er the gun!  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,  
Off with one helluva roar!  
We live in fame  
Or go down in flame.  
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,  
Sent it high into the blue;  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;  
How they lived God only knew!  
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer  
Gave us wings, ever to soar!  
With scouts before  
And bombers galore.  
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky,  
To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly.  
We drink to those who gave their all of old,  
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.  
A toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,  
Keep the wings level and true;  
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder .  
Keep the nose out of the blue!  
Flying men, guarding the nation's border,  
We'll be there, followed by more!  
In echelon  
We carry on.  
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

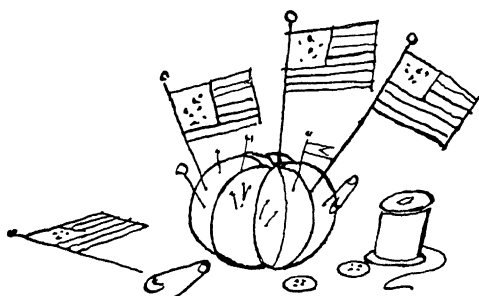
# *I Am an American Day*

(3rd SUNDAY in MAY)

## INSCRIPTION ON THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

*Emma Lazarus*

“Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me:  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.”



## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

*Katherine Lee Bates*

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!



O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

## THE AMERICAN FREEDOM

*Matthew Biller*

The American land is a land of freedom  
Where liberty's bell rings major notes,  
Where folks make rules and laws as they need 'em  
And voice their say from reckless throats,  
And carry the government under their coats.

There's no sense in driving American people,  
They set their pace by the home-town clock;  
Their wills are as sharp as the village steeple,  
Their wants are precise as the Rector's frock,  
Their ways are as stubborn as Plymouth Rock.

American liberties have the flavor  
Of tall corn growing, and wheat at prime,  
Of wayside stands that have the savor  
Of fresh-made hamburgers—two for a dime:  
Of buckwheat cakes at breakfast time . . .

Of pine-capped mountains, and far-flung plains,  
And houses built by the hands of neighbors;  
Of apples sweet with the summer rains,  
And cities sprung from the seed of labors:  
Of freedom got with muskets and sabers.

The Americans laugh at their schools and teachers,  
At the upper class with their social tricks;  
They laugh at their presidents, lawyers, preachers,  
At the man who cheers and the man who kicks.  
They laugh most of all at their politics.

They go to the polls and cast their ballots  
(If they've paid their proper taxes and fees),  
They open their town hall meetings with mallets  
And conduct them pretty much as they please—  
They squabble and joke and take their ease.

There is no predicting an American's future  
By the wealth or the people he was born amid;  
He might grow up as the county moocher,  
Or he might build a bridge on the lowest bid . . .  
He might go to Washington as Lincoln did.

The American men have an independence  
That is born of limitless hills and sky;  
They make good soldiers and superintendents,  
They know how to reach for a goal set high:  
They know how to suffer—they know how to die.

The American way is slow and steady,  
But should anyone doubt our will to be free  
The encroacher who comes will find us ready—  
Though his power be great—let him try and see  
There'll be a rifle back of every tree!

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

*Francis Scott Key*

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight  
On the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;  
Oh say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam:  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

## AMERICA

*Samuel Francis Smith*

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, our King.

# Memorial Day

(MAY 30)

## BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

*Theodore O'Hara*

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.



## A BALLAD OF HEROES

*Austin Dobson*

Because you passed, and now are not,—  
Because in some remoter day,  
Your sacred dust from doubtful spot  
Was blown of ancient airs away,—  
Because you perished,—must men say  
Your deeds were naught, and so profane  
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though, it may be, above the plot  
That hid your once imperial clay,  
No greener than o'er men forgot  
The unregarding grasses sway;—  
Though there no sweeter is the lay  
Of careless birds,—though you remain  
Without distinction of decay, —  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot  
Your story stirs the pulses' play;  
And men forget the sordid lot—  
The sordid care, of cities gray;—  
While yet, beset in homelier fray,  
They learn from you the lesson plain  
That Life may go, so Honor stay,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay  
The laurel on your graves again;  
Whatever men have done, men may,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY

*Henry Timrod*

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,  
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;  
Though yet no marble column craves  
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
The blossom of your fame is blown,  
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years  
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,  
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,  
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile  
More proudly on these wreaths to-day  
Than when some cannon-moulded pile  
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
There is no holier spot of ground  
Than where defeated valor lies,  
By mourning beauty crowned!

## A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS

*James Whitcomb Riley*

A monument for the Soldiers!  
And what will ye build it of?  
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,  
Outlasting the Soldiers' love?  
Can ye glorify it with legends  
As grand as their blood hath writ  
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine  
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it  
Out of our hopes made sure,  
And out of our purest prayers and tears,  
And out of our faith secure:  
We would build it out of the great white truths  
Their death hath sanctified,  
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,  
And their faces ere they died.



And what heroic figures  
Can the sculptor carve in stone?  
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,  
And the marble lips to moan?  
Can the marble brow be fevered?  
And the marble eyes be graved  
To look their last, as the flag floats past,  
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures  
Shall all be fair and brave,  
And, as befitting, as pure and white  
As the stars above their grave!  
The marble lips, and breast, and brow  
Whereon the laurel lies,  
Bequeath us right to guard the flight  
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!  
Built of a people's love,  
And blazoned and decked and panoplied  
With the hearts ye build it of!  
And see that ye build it stately,  
In pillar and niche and gate,  
And high in pose as the souls of those  
It would commemorate!

## THE DEAD

*Rupert Brooke*

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

## MEMORIAL DAY

*William E. Brooks*

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host,  
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long sleep,  
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered wood,  
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our land.  
Sleeps! Do they sleep? I know I heard their cry,  
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have ye forgot?  
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled,  
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust,  
Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,  
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.  
We thought we could sleep content in a task well done;  
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron  
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew;  
New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave  
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with emboweled death.  
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the demagogue's throat,  
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.  
Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream denied?  
You men who live on the earth we bought with our woe,

Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,  
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfil our dream,  
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools  
Who play with blood-stained toys that crowd new graves?  
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"  
In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant them sleep?

## JUNE

*James Russell Lowell*

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in the chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world and she to her nest,—

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—from *The Vision of Sir Launfal*

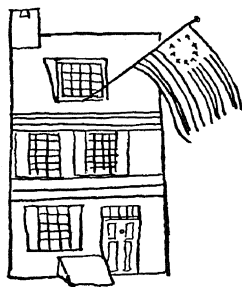
# Flag Day

(JUNE 14)

## GOD BLESS THE FLAG

*Unknown*

God bless the flag! Let it float and fill  
The sky with its beauty; our heart-strings thrill  
To the low sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,  
And the chorus of all its clustering stars.



## THE FLAG GOES BY

*Henry Holcomb Bennett*

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of colour beneath the sky:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!  
The colours before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State;  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honour,—all  
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

## OLD FLAG

*Hubbard Parker*

What shall I say to you, Old Flag?  
You are so grand in every fold,  
So linked with mighty deeds of old,  
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,  
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,  
My throat swells at the sight of you,  
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,  
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,  
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,  
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,  
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,  
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,  
That you might float in glorious pride,  
    Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,  
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,  
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,  
Who labored in the field by day,  
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,  
And thought that God great mercy gave,  
If only freely you might wave,  
    Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?  
What but to set all peoples free,  
To rid the world of misery,  
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,  
And gather in one joyful throng  
Beneath your folds in close embrace  
All burdened ones of every race,  
    Old Flag.

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag,  
Your stars shine out for liberty,  
Your white stripes stand for purity,  
Your crimson claims that courage high  
For Honor's sake to fight and die.  
Lead on against the alien shore!  
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,  
    Old Flag!



## YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

*Wilbur D. Nesbit*

Your flag and my flag,  
And how it flies today,  
In your land and my land,  
And half a world away!  
Rose-red and blood-red,  
The stripes forever gleam;  
Snow-white and soul-white—  
The good forefather's dream;  
Sky-blue and true-blue,  
With stars to gleam aright—  
The gloried guidon of the day;  
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!  
To every star and stripe  
The drums beat as hearts beat  
And fifers shrilly pipe!  
Your flag and my flag—  
A blessing in the sky;  
Your hope and my hope—  
It never hid a lie!  
Home land and far land  
And half the world around,  
Old Glory hears our glad salute  
And ripples to the sound.

Your flag and my flag!  
And, Oh! how much it holds—  
Your land and my land—  
Secure within its folds!  
Your heart and my heart  
Beat quicker at the sight.  
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—  
Red and blue and white.

The one flag—the great flag—  
The flag for me and you  
Glorified all else beside,  
The red and white and blue.

## FLAG SONG

*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward*

Out on the breeze,  
O'er land and seas,  
A beautiful banner is streaming,  
Shining its stars,  
Splendid its bars,  
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.  
Hail to the flag,  
The dear, bonny flag—  
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

Over the brave  
Long may it wave,  
Peace to the world ever bringing,  
While to the stars  
Linked with the bars  
Hearts will forever be singing:  
Hail to the flag,  
The dear, bonny flag—  
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

## BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG

*Minna Irving*

From dusk till dawn the livelong night  
She kept the tallow dips alight,  
And fast her nimble fingers flew  
To sew the stars upon the blue.

With weary eyes and aching head  
She stitched the stripes of white and red,  
And when the day came up the stair  
Complete across a carven chair  
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray  
The Continentals filed away,  
With broken boots and ragged coats,  
But hoarse defiance in their throats;  
They bore the marks of want and cold,  
And some were lame and some were old,  
And some with wounds untended bled,  
But floating bravely overhead  
Was Betsy's battle flag.

When fell the battle's leaden rain,  
The soldier hushed his moans of pain  
And raised his dying head to see  
King George's troopers turn and flee.  
Their charging column reeled and broke,  
And vanished in the rolling smoke,  
Before the glory of the stars,  
The snowy stripes, and scarlet bars  
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross  
Is covered now with mold and moss,  
But still her deathless banner flies,  
And keeps the color of the skies.  
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,  
A nation follows where it leads,  
And every man is proud to yield  
His life upon a crimson field  
For Betsy's battle flag!

# *Pioneer Day*

(JUNE 15 in Idaho *and* JULY 24 in Utah)

## ON THE TRAIL TO IDAHO

### *Unknown*

I met the boss; he wanted me to go  
Help drive his herd to Idaho.  
I told the boss it was out of my range,  
But if he had the price, I was about to change,

We started out the first of May;  
Everything looked good, everything was gay.  
We rolled along just like a ball  
Until one night we had a squall.

The cattle stampeded all over the ground;  
We couldn't get them all to lay down.  
We drove for days and sometimes weeks,  
We couldn't see nothing but the mountain peaks.

The sand did roll and fill my eyes,  
And I thought of home and almost cry.  
We crossed three rivers we didn't know,  
Out on the trail to Idaho.

It was a long and lonesome go  
Out on the trail to Idaho.  
We saw some Indians; they were on the run;  
They were kinder jubus\* of our needle guns.

They divided up in twos and fours,  
They didn't like old forty-fours.  
When I got home I told the boys  
Out on that run they'd see no joys.

Long stretches we drove was very dry,  
All the water we drank was alkali.  
I made up my mind when back on the range  
Not to scamper off after the little extra change.  
Go 'long, Blue Dog.

## THE COWBOY

*John Antrobus*

"What care I, what cares he,  
What cares the world of the life we know?  
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,  
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,  
The wild free life, as the winds that blow."  
With his broad sombrero,  
His worn chaparajos,  
And clinking spurs,  
Like a Centaur he speeds,  
Where the wild bull feeds;  
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—  
A king in the saddle—he rides at will  
O'er the measureless range where rarely change  
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,  
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!  
With his slouch sombrero,  
His torn chaparajos,  
And clinking spurs,  
Like a Centaur he speeds,  
Where the wild bull feeds;  
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,  
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;  
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems  
A mythical thing, a thing he deems  
A Hun or a Goth as swart and grim!  
    With his stained sombrero,  
    His rough chaparajos,  
        And clinking spurs,  
    Like a Centaur he speeds,  
    Where the wild bull feeds;  
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,  
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;  
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men  
Go back to his childhood days again,  
And to many a loved one in the past.  
    With his gay sombrero,  
    His rude chaparajos,  
        And clinking spurs,  
    He rests a while,  
    With a tear and a smile,  
Then he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares—who cares?

# *Bunker Hill Day*

(JUNE 17)

## ON THE EVE OF BUNKER HILL

*Clinton Scollard*

'Twas June on the face of the earth, June with the rose's breath,  
When life is a gladsome thing, and a distant dream is death;  
There was gossip of birds in the air, and the lowing of herds by the  
wood,

And a sunset gleam in the sky that the heart of a man holds good;  
Then the nun-like twilight came, violet-vestured and still,  
And the night's first star outshone afar on the eve of Bunker Hill.

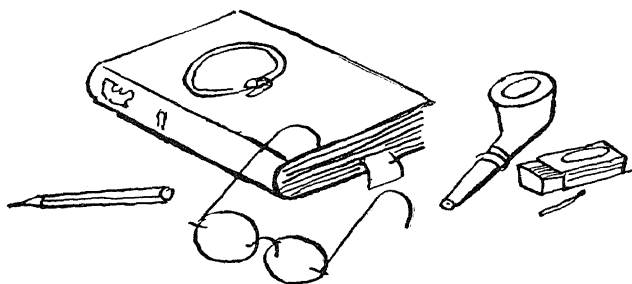
There rang a cry through the camp, with its word upon rousing word;  
There was never a faltering foot in the ranks of those that heard;—  
Lads from the Hampshire Hills and the rich Connecticut vales,  
Sons of the old Bay Colony, from its shores and its inland dales;  
Swiftly they fell in line; no fear could their valor chill;  
Ah, brave the show as they ranged a-row on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Then a deep voice lifted a prayer to the God of the brave and the true,  
And the heads of the men were bare in the gathering dusk and dew;  
The heads of a thousand men were bowed as the pleading rose,—  
Smite Thou, Lord, as of old Thou smotest Thy people's foes!  
Oh, nerve Thy servants' arms to work with a mighty will!  
A hush, and then a loud Amen! on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Now they are gone through the night with never a thought of fame,  
Gone to the field of a fight that shall win them a deathless name;  
Some shall never again behold the set of the sun,  
But lie like the Concord slain, and the slain of Lexington,  
Martyrs to Freedom's cause. Ah, how at their deeds we thrill,  
The men whose might made strong the height on the eve of Bunker  
Hill!

# Father's Day

(3rd SUNDAY in JUNE)



## THE WAY TO KNOW A FATHER

*Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

No man knows his father till he sees  
His father in the son upon his knees;  
The best way for a man to understand  
His father is to hold him by the hand.

When he is small enough, a father's face  
Is full of starriness and looks like space  
Above the trees upon an August night,  
And his dark future is unfathomed light.

What his son and his son's sons will be  
Is there for any man to see;  
The father sits with wonder in his gaze  
To see the sure design of his own days.

What was behind the sorrow and the lust,  
What was behind his father's work in dust  
Was holy, single life unearthly keen,  
Clean as the petals on a star are clean.



A grandson tells what no man dares to tell  
When he is deep in living and feels well:  
That any son is more than one man's heir  
And wears all proud men's glory on his hair.

## THE SECRET HEART

*Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

Across the years he could recall  
His father one way best of all.

In the stillest hour of night  
The boy awakened to a light.

Half in dreams, he saw his sire  
With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see  
If his son slept peacefully.

He held his palms each side the spark  
His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart  
In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son,  
A bare heart on his hidden one,

A heart that gave out such a glow  
No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon his face  
Too tender for the day to trace.

One instant, it lit all about,  
And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one  
To know that hands held up the sun.

## FORGETFUL PA

*Edgar A. Guest*

My Pa says that he used to be  
A bright boy in geography;  
An' when he went to school he knew  
The rivers an' the mountains, too,  
An' all the capitals of States  
An' boundary lines an' all the dates  
They joined the Union. But last night  
When I was studyin' to recite  
I asked him if he would explain  
The leading industries of Maine—  
He thought an' thought an' thought a lot,  
An' said, "I knew, but I've forgot."

My Pa says when he was in school  
He got a hundred as a rule;  
An' grammar was a thing he knew  
Becoz he paid attention to  
His teacher, an' he learned the way  
To write good English, an' to say  
The proper things, an' I should be  
As good a boy in school as he.  
But once I asked him could he give  
Me help with the infinitive—  
He scratched his head and said: "Great Scott!  
I used to know but I forgot."

My Pa says when he was a boy  
Arithmetic was just a toy;  
He learned his tables mighty fast  
An' every term he always passed,  
An' had good marks, an' teachers said:  
"That youngster surely has a head."  
But just the same I notice now  
Most every time I ask him how  
To find the common multiple,  
He says, "That's most unusual!  
Once I'd have told you on the spot,  
But somehow, Sonny, I've forgot."  
I'm tellin' you just what is what,  
My Pa's forgot an awful lot!

# First Day of Summer



## THE THROSTLE

*Alfred Tennyson*

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it.  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"  
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.  
Last year you sang it as gladly.  
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new  
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again"—  
Never a prophet so crazy!  
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend:  
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"  
O warble unchidden, unbidden!  
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,  
And all the winters are hidden.

## JULY

*Susan Hartley Swett*

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon fly,  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The cornflower's cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

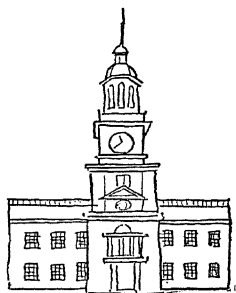
When the heat like a mist veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time  
Forgets them, and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.



# Independence Day

(JULY 4)



## THE FOURTH OF JULY

*John Pierpont*

Day of glory! Welcome day!  
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;  
See! how cheerfully they play  
    With thy morning breeze,  
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,  
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,  
When a tyrant's thunder pealed  
    O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy stars  
On their courses smite his cars;  
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars  
    From the heaving tide?  
On our standard, lo! they burn,  
And, when days like this return,  
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn  
    Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmur of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er,  
O let freemen be our sons,  
And let future Washingtons  
Rise, to lead their valiant ones  
Till there's war no more!

## FOURTH OF JULY ODE

*James Russell Lowell*

### I

Our fathers fought for Liberty,  
They struggled long and well,  
History of their deeds can tell—  
But did they leave us free?

### II

Are we free from vanity,  
Free from pride, and free from self,  
Free from love of power and pelf,  
From everything that's beggarly?

### III

Are we free from stubborn will,  
From low hate and malice small,  
From opinion's tyrant thrall?  
Are none of us our own slaves still?

### IV

Are we free to speak our thought,  
To be happy, and be poor,  
Free to enter Heaven's door,  
To live and labor as we ought?

## V

Are we then made free at last  
From the fear of what men say,  
Free to reverence Today,  
Free from the slavery of the Past?

## VI

Our fathers fought for liberty,  
They struggled long and well,  
History of their deeds can tell—  
But *ourselves* must set us free.

## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

What flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land;  
O tell us what its name may be—  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty.

In savage nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud;  
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,  
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light—  
The red that fires the southern rose,  
With spotless white from northern shows,



And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;  
Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
From tower and dome its glories spread;  
It waves where lonely sentries tread;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew—  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty.

## ODE

SUNG IN THE TOWN HALL, CONCORD, MASS., JULY 4, 1857

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

O tenderly the haughty day  
Fills his blue urn with fire;  
One morn is in the mighty heaven,  
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,  
Our pulses beat not less,  
The joy bells chime their tidings down,  
Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold  
O'ermantling land and sea,  
One-third part of the sky unrolled  
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind  
To build an equal state,—  
To take the statute from the mind  
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,—  
Present and Past in under-song,—  
Go put your creed into your deed,  
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand  
Nor skies without a frown  
See rights for which the one hand fights  
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll  
Of honor o'er the sea,  
And bid the broad Atlantic roll  
A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,  
Save underneath the sea  
The wires shall murmur through the main  
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,  
The waters wild below,  
And under, through the cable wove  
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,  
Nor pauses in His plan,  
Will take the sun out of the skies  
Ere freedom out of man.

## YANKEE DOODLE

*Edward Bangs*

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Gooding,  
And there we see the men and boys,  
As thick as hasty pudding.

*Chorus:* Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle, dandy,  
Mind the music and the step  
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,  
As rich as 'Squire David;  
And what they wasted every day  
I wish it could be saved.

And there we see a swamping gun  
Large as a log of maple,  
Upon a deuced little cart,  
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,  
It takes a horn of powder,  
And makes a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.

I see a little barrel, too,  
The heads were made of leather,  
They knocked upon't with little clubs  
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,  
And gentlefolks about him,  
They say he's grown so tarnal proud  
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,  
Upon a strapping stallion,  
He set the world along in rows,  
In hundreds and in millions.

I see another snarl of men  
A-digging graves, they told me,  
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,  
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about, till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

## IN AUGUST

*William Dean Howells*

All the long August afternoon,  
The little drowsy stream  
Whispers a melancholy tune,  
As if it dreamed of June,  
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook  
Dust on their down and bloom,  
And out of many a weed-grown nook  
The aster flowers look  
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet  
With smell of ripening fruit.  
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat  
Flutter, at coming feet,  
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,  
The harsh leaves overhead;  
Only the querulous cricket grieves,  
And shrilling locust weaves  
A song of summer dead.

## SEPTEMBER

*Helen Hunt Jackson*

The goldenrod is yellow,  
The corn is turning brown,  
The trees in apple orchards  
With fruit are bending down;

The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun;  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun;

The sedges flaunt their harvest  
In every meadow nook,  
And asters by the brookside  
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning  
The grapes' sweet odors rise;  
At noon the roads all flutter  
With yellow butterflies—

By all these lovely tokens  
September's days are here,  
With summer's best of weather  
And autumn's best of cheer.

# Labor Day

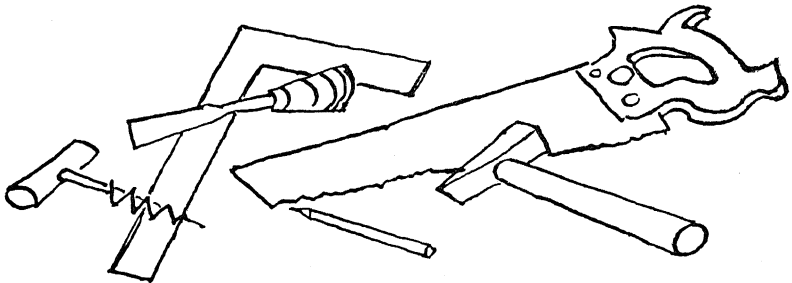
(1st MONDAY in SEPTEMBER)

## LABOR

*Frances Sargent Osgood*

Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl groweth;  
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;  
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;  
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;  
Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.



## WORK

*Kenyon Cox*

Work thou for pleasure.  
Paint or sing or carve  
The thing thou lovest,  
Though the body starve.

Who works for glory  
Misses oft the goal,  
Who works for money  
Coins his very soul.  
Work for the work's sake,  
Then, and it might be  
That these things shall  
Be added unto thee.

## QUIET WORK

*Matthew Arnold*

One lesson, Nature, let me learn from thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at one  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—  
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;  
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil;  
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

## WORK

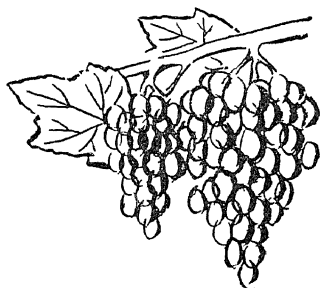
*Henry van Dyke*

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,



When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
    "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
    Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way."  
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
    To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
    Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

# *First Day of Autumn*



## AUTUMN HAZE

*Richard Kendall Munkittrick*

Across the pearly distance  
It lies on hill and stream,  
In banks of airy turquoise  
As softly as a dream.

A slumberous smoke that rises  
Serenely in the cold,  
From autumn woodlands blazing  
In flames of rosy gold.

# American Indian Day

(4th FRIDAY in SEPTEMBER)



## NAVAJO PRAYER

*Edward S. Yeomans*

Lord of the Mountain  
Reared within the Mountain,  
Young man, Chieftain,  
Hear a young man's prayer!  
Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain,  
Drumming on the mountain;  
Lord of the small rain,  
That restores the earth in newness;  
Keeper of the clean rain,  
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain,  
Hear a prayer for fleetness.  
Keeper of the deer's way,  
Reared among the eagles,  
Clear my feet of slothness.  
Hear a prayer for courage.

Lord of the thin peaks  
Reared among the thunders;  
Keeper of the headlands,  
Holding up the harvest,  
Keeper of the strong rocks,  
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,  
Spirit of the Mountain!

## THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

*Rudyard Kipling*

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting winds are loose—  
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;  
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,  
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!  
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail  
mating?  
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?  
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,  
Or the sea-trout's jumping crazy for the fly?

*He must go—go—go away from here!  
On the other side the world he's overdue.  
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring fret comes o'er  
you,  
And the Red Gods call for you!*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,  
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;  
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,  
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.  
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-  
log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?  
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning  
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

*Let him go—go, etc.*

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know the racing stream  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and races,  
To a silent, smokey Indian that we know—  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

*They must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short,  
Where the bluff lea-boarded fishing-luggers ride?

Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port  
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—  
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,  
For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go!

*He must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—  
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade  
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?

It is there that I am going, with my camphor, net and boxes,  
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—

To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,  
For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go.

*He must go—go, etc.*

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift  
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,  
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?

It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,  
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.  
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the horns of Ovis Poli,  
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go.

*He must go—go, etc.*

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—  
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—  
Now the girths and ropes are tested; now they pack their last supplies;  
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!  
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that  
shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each the voice and vision; unto each his spoor and sign—  
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line  
And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting as a lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—

Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boats bring the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift. . . .

Quick! ah, heave the camp-kit over,

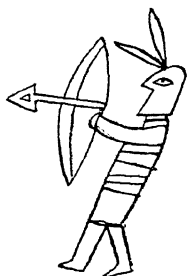
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

*And we go—go—go away from here!*

*On the other side the world we're overdue!*

*'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring fret comes o'er  
you,*

*And the Red Gods call for you!*



## INDIAN NAMES

*Lydia H. Sigourney*

Ye say they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That mid the forests where they roamed,  
There rings no hunter's shout:  
But their name is on your waters—  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like Ocean's surge is curled;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the west;  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say that conelike cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared as withered leaves  
Before the autumn's gale:  
But their memory liveth on your hills,  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
Amid his young renown;

Connecticut has wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves.  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
Within its rocky heart,  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart.  
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,  
Doth seal the sacred trust:  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.



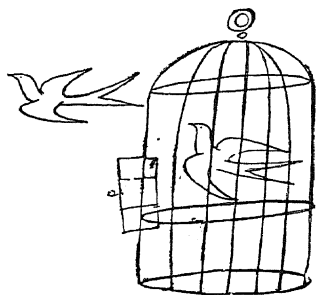
## OCTOBER

*Helen McMahan*

October's lap holds patches  
Of red and gold and brown.  
She wheedled them from summer  
To make herself a gown.  
And when the song is finished  
She'll stretch her arms again  
And dance a little rondo  
To the music of the rain.

# Moving Day

(OCTOBER 1)



## MOVING DAY

*Helen M. Hartman*

The moving is all over,  
The vans have rolled away,—  
And I stand in consternation  
Where confusion holds full sway.  
Around me heaps of boxes  
Bulging—bursting—gaping wide!  
As I look, I wish to blazes  
I could run away and hide.

Oh! the days that lie before me  
While I clear away the mess  
And endeavor to establish  
Law and order, more or less,  
Seeking spoons and hunting dishes;  
Where's the towel? where's the soap?  
Salt and pepper, tea and coffee?  
Why, you're sitting on them, dope!

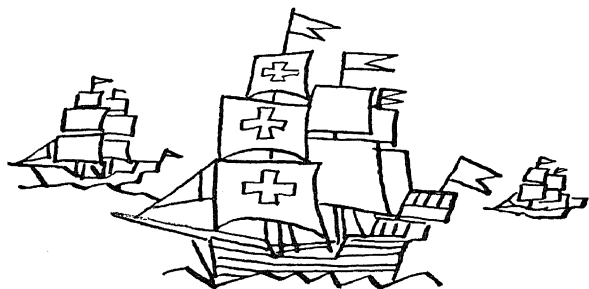
Now we've put away the kettles,  
But there's still much to be done;  
Countless errands keep us busy  
Upstairs, downstairs, on the run;  
Laying carpets, painting cupboards,—  
Where's the turpentine and brush?  
Hurry, hurry; do keep busy!  
We can finish if we rush.

Then at last the house is cosy,  
Tables polished; windows shine;  
Silver gleaming on clean linen—  
The effect is really fine.  
Everything has been remembered;  
Our address is in the mail  
And we wait for friendly callers  
Who are coming without fail.

But I think, Oh, may I never  
Never, never move again!  
In this house I'd like so much  
Forever to remain!  
And may I all past "movings"  
Of my former life forget  
And set me down within these walls  
And set, and set, and set!

# Columbus Day

(OCTOBER 12)



## IMMORTAL MORN

*Hezekiah Butterworth*

Immortal morn, all hail!  
That saw Columbus sail  
By faith alone!  
The skies before him bowed,  
Back rolled the ocean proud,  
And every lifting cloud  
With glory shone.

Fair science then was born,  
On that celestial morn,  
Faith dared the sea;  
Triumphant over foes  
Then Truth immortal rose,  
New heavens to disclose,  
And earth to free.

Strong Freedom then came forth,  
To liberate the earth  
And crown the right;

So walked the pilot bold  
Upon the sea of gold,  
And darkness backward rolled,  
And there was light.

## THE PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

*Walt Whitman*

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;  
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted,  
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,  
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,  
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;  
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,  
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,  
The clouds already closing in upon me,  
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,  
I yield my ships to Thee.  
My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,  
My brain feels rack'd, bewildered,  
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,  
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,  
Thee, Thee at least I know.

## COLUMBIAN ODE

*Paul Laurence Dunbar*

### I

Four hundred years ago a tangled waste  
Lay sleeping on the west Atlantic's side;  
Their devious ways the Old World's millions traced  
Content, and loved, and labored, dared and died,

While students still believed the charts they conned,  
And reveled in their thriftless ignorance,  
Nor dreamed of other lands that lay beyond  
Old Ocean's dense, indefinite expanse.

## II

But deep within her heart old Nature knew  
That she had once arrayed, at Earth's behest,  
Another offspring, fine and fair to view,—  
The chosen suckling of the mother's breast.  
The child was wrapped in vestments soft and fine,  
Each fold a work of Nature's matchless art;  
The mother looked on it with love divine,  
And strained the loved one closely to her heart.  
And there it lay, and with the warmth grew strong  
And hearty, by the salt sea breezes fanned,  
Till Time with mellowing touches passed along,  
And changed the infant to a mighty land.

## III

But men knew naught of this, till there arose  
That mighty mariner, the Genoese,  
Who dared to try, in spite of fears and foes,  
The unknown fortunes of unsounded seas.  
O noblest of Italia's sons, thy bark  
Went not alone into that shrouding night!  
O dauntless darer of the rayless dark,  
The world sailed with thee to eternal light!  
The deer-haunts that with game were crowded then  
To-day are tilled and cultivated lands;  
The schoolhouse tow'rs where Bruin had his den,  
And where the wigwam stood the chapel stands;  
The place that nurtured men of savage mien  
Now teems with men of Nature's noblest types;  
Where moved the forest-foliage banner green,  
Now flutters in the breeze the stars and stripes!

## COLUMBUS

*Joaquin Miller*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
    Behind, the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores;  
    Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
    For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
    "Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
    My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
    Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
    If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
    'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
    Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
    Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
    For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—  
    He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
    "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
    With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"



# United Nations' Day

(OCTOBER 24)



## FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

*Alfred Tennyson*

. . . . I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.

—from *Locksley Hall*

## BROTHERHOOD

*Edwin Markham*

The crest and crowning of all good,  
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;  
For it will bring again to Earth  
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;  
Will send new light on every face,  
A kingly power upon the race.  
And till it come, we men are slaves,  
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:  
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.  
Break the dead branches from the path:  
Our hope is in the aftermath—  
Our hope is in heroic men,  
Star-led to build the world again.  
To this Event the ages ran:  
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

## A CREED

*Edwin Markham*

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:  
None goes his way alone:  
All that we send into the lives of others  
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,  
One thing holds firm and fast—  
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds  
The soul of man is cast.

## PEACE UNIVERSAL

*Anna H. Thorne*

Gift of the living God to mortal man;  
A bridge, the gates of life and death to span.

A stir, a breath, a dream, a fantasy,  
The silent, onward tread of destiny.

Thy Promised One, oh, man! majestic, sweet;  
The fires of dawn still clinging to her feet.

Thine, man, to have and hold, if thou dost choose;  
Everything to gain, and all to lose.

Sphinx-like, yet beautiful, about her face  
Linger the star-flowers of a nameless grace.

Oh, joy bells! ring the noble message forth;  
Flash it, electric currents, to the North,

The South, the subtle East, the stalwart West;  
From sea to sea, from mountain crest to crest.

*"Peace Universal,"* shall thy watchword be—  
The touchstone of thy Christianity.

Sheathe thou the sword, the dying century's shame;  
Quench, in man's love to man, the lurid battle flame.

Where is the interpreter who shall arise  
To write my message on the changeless skies?

I am the genius of the age to be;  
My name is Peace; my guerdon, Opportunity.

These are my words, O man! All nations of the earth  
Are of one blood, one consecrated birth.

Where is the conqueror at whose knightly tread  
The tiger hounds of war shall crouch in dread?

At sight of whom, like some archangel mild,  
Or some new vision of the Holy Child,

Old wrongs shall perish and pass out of sight  
Into the darkness of an endless night?

## PROSPECT

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

War will not always be.  
A time will surely come  
When men will pause and say:  
"In this, the fair today  
Our minds can scarce believe  
That our forefathers strove  
As very beasts, in blood—  
Contemned the way of love!  
The world took up the sword  
And bathed the land in gore;  
At one fell, fateful word  
Our nation grimly swore  
To give its gold, its life,  
In never ceasing strife  
To slay its haughty foe!—  
But that was long ago."

And other men will say:  
"Yes, 'twas a bloody tale—  
More ghastly none can know—  
But that was long ago."

## PEACE

*Clinton Scollard*

Not with the high-voiced fife,  
Nor with the deep-voiced drum,  
To mark the end of strife  
The perfect Peace shall come.

Nor pomp nor pageant grand  
Shall bring War's blest surcease,  
But silent, from God's hand  
Shall come the perfect Peace!

## THE WINDS OF GOD

*Clinton Scollard*

Across the azure spaces,  
Athwart the vasts of sky,  
With winnowings of mighty wings  
The winds of God go by.

Above the meres and mountains,  
With unseen sandals shod,  
Above the plains, with choric strains,  
Sweep by the winds of God.

"Peace—in His name!" they murmur;  
"Peace—in His name!" they cry.  
Oh, men, give ear! Do you not hear  
The winds of God go by?

## THE FATHERLAND

*James Russell Lowell*

Where is the true man's fatherland?  
Is it where he by chance is born?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned?  
O, yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,  
Where God is God and man is man?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this?  
O, yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birth-place grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another,—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—  
That spot of earth is thine and mine!  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

# *Theodore Roosevelt's Birthday*

(born OCTOBER 27, 1858)

## SAGAMORE\*

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

At Sagamore the Chief lies low—  
Above the hill in circled row  
The whirring airplanes dip and fly,  
A guard of honor from the sky;—  
Eagles to guard the Eagle. Woe  
Is on the world. The people go  
With listless footstep, blind and slow;—  
For one is dead—who shall not die—  
At Sagamore.

Oh! Land he loved, at last you know  
The son who served you well below,  
The prophet voice, the visioned eye.  
Hold him in ardent memory,  
For one is gone—who shall not go—  
From Sagamore!

## OUR COLONEL

*Arthur Guiterman*

Deep loving, well knowing  
His world and its blindness,  
A heart overflowing  
With measureless kindness,

\*Written in memory of her brother, Theodore Roosevelt.

Undaunted in labor  
(And Death was a trifle),  
Steel true as a sabre,  
Direct as a rifle.

All Man in his doing,  
All Boy in his laughter,  
He fronted, unerring,  
The Now and Hereafter.

A storm-battling cedar,  
A comrade, a brother—  
Oh, such was our Leader,  
Beloved as no other!

When weaker souls faltered  
His courage remade us,  
Whose tongue never paltered,  
Who never betrayed us.

His hand on your shoulder  
All honors exceeding,  
What breast but was bolder,  
Because he was leading!

And still in our trouble,  
In peace or in war-time,  
His word shall redouble  
Our strength as afore-time.

When wrongs cry for righting,  
No odds shall appall us;  
To clean honest fighting  
Again he will call us.

And, cow-boys or dough-boys,  
We'll follow his drum, boys,  
Who never said, "Go, boys!"  
But always said, "Come, boys!"



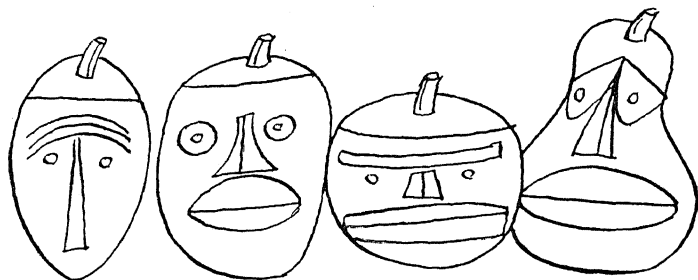
# Halloween

(OCTOBER 31)

## LITANY FOR HALLOWEEN

*Unknown*

From Ghoulies and Ghosties,  
Long-leggety Beasties,  
And THINGS  
That go BUMP in the night,  
Good Lord, deliver us!



## HALLOWEEN

*Joel Benton*

Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite,  
All are on their rounds tonight;  
In the wan moon's silver ray,  
Thrives their helter-skelter play.

Fond of cellar, barn, or stack,  
True unto the almanac,

They present to credulous eyes  
Strange hobgoblin mysteries.

Cabbage stumps—straws wet with dew—  
Apple-skins, and chestnuts too,  
And a mirror for some lass  
Show what wonders come to pass.

Doors they move, and grates they hide;  
Mischiefs that on moonbeams ride  
Are their deeds—and, by their spells,  
Love records its oracles.

Don't we all, of long ago,  
By the ruddy fireplace glow,  
In the kitchen and the hall,  
Those queer, cooflike pranks recall?

Eery shadows were they then—  
But tonight they come again;  
Were we once more but sixteen,  
Precious would be Halloween.

## THE FAIRIES

### *Sybil Morford*

Have you ever heard the tapping of the fairy cobbler men,  
When the moon is shining brightly thro' the branches in the glen?  
Have you seen a crew of goblins in a water-lily boat,  
Softly sliding, gently gliding,  
'Mid the rushes tall afloat?

Have you seen the sleeping goblins 'neath the mushrooms on the hills?  
Have you heard the rippling music of the tiny fairy rills?

Have you seen the looms where spiders spin their sparkling silver  
threads?

Brightly shining and entwining  
Round the nodding flower heads?

Have you seen the magic circles where the little fairies play,  
From the last soft flush of sunset, till the first bright gleam of day?  
Have you seen a band of fairies, with their pickaxes so bold,  
Talking gravely, trudging bravely,  
Off to seek for fairy gold?

If you want to see the fairies, you must visit them at night,  
When the silvery stars are gleaming and the moon is shining bright.  
If you make no sound to warn them, you will see the fairy-men  
Laughing, singing, harebells ringing,  
While the moonbeams light the glen.

## WHAT THE GRAY CAT SINGS

*Arthur Guiterman*

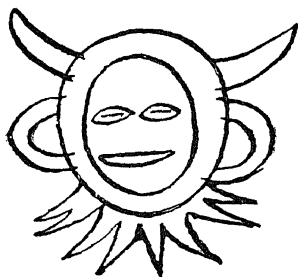
The Cat was once a weaver,  
A weaver, a weaver,  
An old and withered weaver  
Who labored late and long;  
And while she made the shuttle hum  
And wove the weft and clipped the thrum,  
Beside the loom with droning drum  
She sang the weaving song:  
"Pr-rrum, pr-rrum,  
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,  
Pr-rrum!"

The Cat's no more a weaver,  
A weaver, a weaver,  
An old and wrinkled weaver,  
For though she did no wrong,

A witch hath changed the shape of her  
That dwindled down and clothed in fur  
Beside the hearth with droning purr

She thrums her weaving song:

“Pr-rrum, pr-rrum,  
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,  
Pr-rrum!”



## THE BAD KITTENS

*Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

You may call, you may call  
But the little black cats won't hear you.  
The little black cats are maddened

By the bright green light of the moon;  
They are whirling and running and hiding,  
They are wild who were once so confiding,  
They are crazed when the moon is riding—

You will not catch the kittens soon.  
They care not for saucers of milk,  
They think not of pillows of silk;  
Your softest, crooningest call

Is less than the buzzing of flies.  
They are seeing more than you see,  
They are hearing more than you hear,  
And out of the darkness they peer

With a goblin light in their eyes!

## NOVEMBER

*Hartley Coleridge*

The mellow year is hasting to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their last;  
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast,  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;  
The patient beauty of the scentless rose  
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed  
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past  
And makes a little summer where it grows,  
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day.  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks confine,  
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,  
Wrap their old limbs with somber ivy-twine.

# *All Souls' Day*

(NOVEMBER 2)

## PRAY FOR THE DEAD

*Arthur Dentworth Hamilton Eaton*

Love well and pray for all thy dead:  
God gives thee such sweet liberty,  
He means where'er their souls are sped,  
That they shall be in touch with thee.

## THE ONE FORGOTTEN

*Dora Sigerson*

A spirit speeding down on All Souls' Eve  
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore  
Where sleep the dead, sung softly and yet sweet.  
"So gay a wind was never heard before,"  
The old man said, and listened by the fire;  
And, "'Tis the souls that pass us on their way,"  
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side—  
So left their glowing huts awhile to pray.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,  
Came to this window, looking from the dark  
Into the room; then passing to the door  
Where crouched the whining dog, afraid to bark,  
Tapped gently without answer, pressed the latch,  
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.  
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,  
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire:  
"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night;  
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,  
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."  
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand  
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,  
Said low: "The old need fire, but ah! the young  
Have that within their hearts to flame and sting."

And then the spirit, moving from her place,  
Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,  
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair,  
But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.  
Then crew the black cock, and so, weeping sore,  
She went alone into the night again;  
And said the graybeard, reaching for his glass,  
"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age,  
He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear:  
"Alas! I have forgot—and have you gone?—  
I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."  
And said the maidens, laughing in their play:  
"How he goes groaning, wrinkle-faced and hoar.  
He is so old, and angry with his age—  
Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door."

## GOD'S ACRE

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow.



# *Election Day*

(1st TUESDAY AFTER 1st MONDAY in NOVEMBER)

## THE BALLOT

*John Pierpont*

A weapon that comes down as still  
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;  
But executes a freeman's will,  
As lightning does the will of God.

## GOD GIVE US MEN!

*Josiah Gilbert Holland*

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

## THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

The proudest now is but my peer,  
The highest not more high;  
Today, of all the weary year,  
A king of men am I.  
Today, alike are great and small,  
The nameless and the known;  
My palace is the people's hall;  
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list  
Beside the served shall stand;  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
The gloved and dainty hand!  
The rich is level with the poor;  
The weak is strong today;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more  
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense  
My stubborn right abide;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against the pedant's pride.  
Today shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,  
Or balance to adjust,  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—

While there's a right to need my vote,  
A wrong to sweep away,  
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!  
A man's a man today!

## BUILDERS OF THE STATE

*Richard Watson Gilder*

Who builds the state? Not he whose power  
Rooted in wrong, in gold intrenched,  
Makes him the regent of the hour;  
The eternal light cannot be quenched:

This shall outlive his little span;  
Shine fierce upon each tainted scheme;  
Shall show where shame blots all the plan;  
The treachery in the dazzling dream.

He builds the state who builds on truth,—  
Not he who, crushing toward his aim,  
Strikes conscience from the throne, and ruth,  
To win a dark, unpiteous fame.

He builds the state who to that task  
Brings strong, clean hands, and purpose pure;  
Who wears not virtue as a mask;  
He builds the state that shall endure—

The state wherein each loyal son  
Holds as a birthright from true sires  
Treasures of honor, nobly won,  
And freedom's never-dying fires.

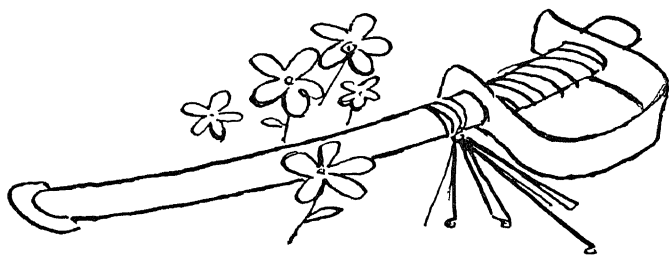
## POLITICS

*Alfred Tennyson*

We move, the wheel must always move,  
Nor always on the plain,  
And if we move to such a goal  
As Wisdom hopes to gain,  
Then you that drive, and know your Craft,  
Will firmly hold the rein,  
Nor lend an ear to random cries,  
Or you may drive in vain,  
For some cry "Quick" and some cry "Slow,"  
But, while the hills remain,  
Uphill "Too-slow" will need the whip,  
Downhill "Too-quick" the chain.

# Armistice Day

(NOVEMBER 11)



NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

*Katherine Burton*

To stone memorials of a bitter loss  
In many countries, men and women bring  
Their flower clusters and their laurel wreaths;  
They linger there a while, remembering.  
From Mary's litany I draw a rose,  
One golden phrase of blossoming surcease,  
To add to all the heaped up tribute there:  
"Pray for us, Mary, Queen of Peace!"

Over the world the screaming tongues of hate  
Silence the love and leave us grief and pain;  
And stupid wealth and cold unseeing greed  
Look upon human suffering with disdain.  
From Nazareth she saw Him go to meet  
Hatred and pain ending in death's release—  
In name of all our sons growing to men,  
Pray for us, Mary, Queen of Peace!

They seize the bells that hymn the Lord of Life;  
They break the gently rounded bronze apart

That sings a human praise for Love divine,  
And make it into bullets for His heart.  
Pray the fulfillment of your Son's high will,  
That in our world the sin of hate shall cease,  
And women's sons be brothers and not foes,—  
Pray for us, Mary, Queen of Peace!

## IT SHALL NOT BE AGAIN!

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

Who goes there, in the night,  
Across the storm-swept plain?  
We are the ghosts of a valiant war—  
A million murdered men!

Who goes there, at the dawn,  
Across the sun-swept plain?  
We are the hosts of those who swear,  
It shall not be again!

## ARMISTICE DAY

*Roselle Mercier Montgomery*

I think I hear them stirring there, today,  
Who have lain still  
So long, so long, beside the Aisne and Loire,  
On Verdun hill.

I think I hear them whispering, today,  
The young, the brave,  
The gallant and the gay—unmurmuring long,  
There in the grave.

I think I hear them sighing there, today—  
They sigh for all  
The glory and the wonder that was life—  
Beyond recall!

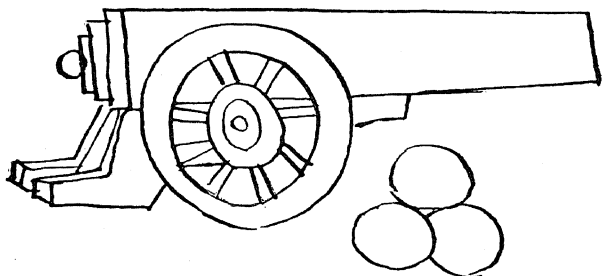
I think that their young eyes are wistfully  
On us who go  
So gayly to our sports, this holiday . . .  
I think they know!

I think that they are listening today . . .  
I feel them near!  
Our orators declaim—they answer back,  
“Why lie we here?”

Across the fleet, forgetting years it comes,  
Today—their cry,  
“O World, O World, if it was all in vain,  
Why did we die?”

Above the earth’s enduring hates, they ask,  
“Was it—for this?”  
I think they are remembering, this day  
Of Armistice!

And oh, I think I hear them weeping there  
Who should be sleeping . . .  
A plaintive thing—to hear across the world  
The young dead weeping!



## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

*John McCrae*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

## IN DISTRUST OF MERITS

*Marianne Moore*

Strengthened to live, strengthened to die for  
medals and positioned victories?  
They're fighting, fighting, fighting the blind  
man who thinks he sees,—  
who cannot see that the enslaver is  
enslaved; the hater, harmed. O shining O  
firm star, O tumultuous  
ocean lashed till small things go  
as they will, the mountainous  
wave makes us who look, know



depth. Lost at sea before they fought! O  
Star of David, star of Bethlehem,  
O black imperial lion  
of the Lord—emblem  
of a risen world—be joined at last, be  
joined. There is hate's crown beneath which all is  
death; there's love's without which none  
is king; the blessed deeds bless  
the halo. As contagion  
of sickness makes sickness,

contagion of trust can make trust. They're  
fighting in deserts and caves, one by  
one, in battalions and squadrons;  
they're fighting that I  
may yet recover from the disease, *my*  
*self*; some have it lightly, some will die. "Man's  
wolf to man?" And we devour  
ourselves? The enemy could not  
have made a greater breach in our  
defenses. One pilot-

ing a blind man can escape him, but  
Job disheartened by false comfort knew,  
that nothing is so defeating  
as a blind man who  
can see. O alive who are dead, who are  
proud not to see, O small dust of the earth  
that walks so arrogantly,  
trust begets power and faith is  
an affectionate thing. We  
vow, we make this promise

to the fighting—it's a promise—"We'll  
never hate black, white, red, yellow, Jew,  
Gentile, Untouchable." We are  
not competent to

make our vows. With set jaw they are fighting,  
fighting, fighting,—some we love whom we know,  
some we love but know not—that  
hearts may feel and not be numb,  
It cures me; or am I what  
I can't believe in? Some

in snow, some on crags, some in quicksands,  
little by little, much by much, they  
are fighting, fighting, fighting that where  
there was death there may  
be life. "When a man is prey to anger,  
he is moved by outside things; when he holds  
his ground in patience patience  
patience, that is action or  
beauty," the soldier's defense  
and hardest armor for

the fight. The world's an orphan's home. Shall  
we never have peace without sorrow?  
without pleas of the dying for  
help that won't come? O  
quiet form upon the dust, I cannot  
look and yet I must. If these great patient  
dyings—all these agonies  
and woundbearings and blood shed—  
can teach us how to live, these  
dyings were not wasted.

Hate-hardened heart, O heart of iron,  
iron is iron till it is rust.  
There never was a war that was  
not inward; I must  
fight till I have conquered in myself what  
causes war, but I would not believe it.  
I inwardly did nothing.  
O Iscariotlike crime!  
Beauty is everlasting  
and dust is for a time.

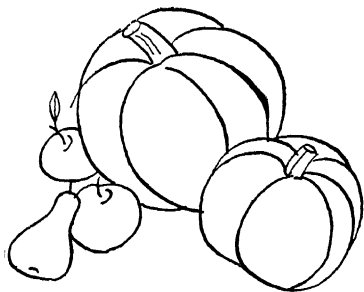
# Thanksgiving

(4th THURSDAY in NOVEMBER)

## A PSALM

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;  
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God:  
Who covereth the heaven with clouds,  
Who prepareth rain for the earth,  
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains,  
And herb for the use of men.  
He giveth to the beast his food,  
And to the young ravens which cry.  
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;  
Praise thy God, O Zion.

—from *Psalm One Hundred and Forty-Seven*



## THE PUMPKIN

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board  
The old broken links of affection restored,

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,  
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

O fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

## HARVEST HYMN

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;  
Once more with harvest song and shout,  
Is nature's boldest triumph told.

Oh! favors old, yet ever new;  
Oh! blessings with the sunshine sent.

The bounty overruns our due,  
The fullness shames our discontent.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?  
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,  
Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Besides the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm  
Can change a rocky soil to gold;  
And brave and generous lives can warm  
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,  
And fields with fruits awake again,  
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,  
The earlier and the latter rain.

## SINGING THE REAPERS HOMEWARD COME

### *Unknown*

Singing the reapers homeward come, Io! Io!  
Merrily singing the harvest home, Io! Io!  
Along the field, along the road,  
Where autumn is scattering leaves abroad,  
Homeward cometh the ripe last load, Io! Io!

Singers are filling the twilight dim  
With the cheerful song, Io! Io!  
The spirit of song ascends to Him  
Who causeth the corn to grow.  
He freely sent the gentle rain,  
The summer sun glorified hill and plain,  
To golden perfection brought the grain, Io! Io!

Silently, nightly, fell the dew,  
Gently the rain, Io! Io!  
But who can tell how the green corn grew,  
Or who beheld it grow?  
Oh! God the good, in sun and rain,  
He look'd on the flourishing fields and grain,  
Till they all appear'd on hill and plain  
Like living gold, Io! Io!

## A DECEMBER DAY

*Sara Teasdale*

Dawn turned on her purple pillow,  
And late, late, came the winter day;  
Snow was curved to the boughs of the willow,  
The sunless world was white and grey.  
At noon we heard a blue-jay scolding,  
At five the last cold light was lost  
From blackened windows faintly holding  
The feathery filigree of frost.

# *First Day of Winter*

## WINTER NIGHT

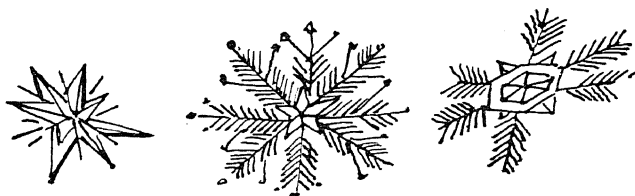
*Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Pile high the hickory and the light  
Log of chestnut struck by the blight.  
Welcome-in the winter night.

The day has gone in hewing and felling,  
Sawing and drawing wood to the dwelling  
For the night of talk and story-telling.

These are the hours that give the edge  
To the blunted axe and the bent wedge,  
Straighten the saw and lighten the sledge.

Here are question and reply,  
And the fire reflected in the thinking eye.  
So peace, and let the bob-cat cry.





# Forefather's Day

(DECEMBER 22)

## THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME

*Jeremiah Eames Rankin*

The word of God to Leyden came,  
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:  
Rise up, my children of no name,  
My kings and priests to be.  
There is an empire in the West,  
Which I will soon unfold;  
A thousand harvests in her breast,  
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!  
Old things are passed away.  
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;  
Too long they've had their day.  
A little ship have I prepared  
To bear you o'er the seas;  
And in your souls, my will declared,  
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:  
I hear their voice, How long?  
It mingles with their praises high,  
And with their victor song.  
The thing they longed and waited for,  
But died without the sight;  
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,  
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,  
You've other work to do;  
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,  
And you shall build it too.  
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,  
I'm tired of kings as well;  
Henceforth I take the people's side,  
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,  
And from the king, his crown;  
Let all my captives be released;  
Lift up, whom men cast down.  
Their pastors let the people choose,  
And choose their rulers too;  
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,  
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,  
And sailed the wintry seas:  
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,  
Nor thought of wealth or ease.  
They left the towers of Leyden town,  
They left the Zuyder Zee;  
And where they cast their anchor down,  
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came,  
Not with the roll of stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear,—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard and the sea!  
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang  
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest by the white waves' foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim-band;  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left unstained what there they found,—  
Freedom to worship God!

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS

*William Wordsworth*

Well worthy to be magnified are they  
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took  
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,  
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;  
Then to the new-found World explored their way,  
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook  
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook  
Her Lord might worship and His word obey  
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;  
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide  
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;  
Blest while their spirits from the woods ascend  
Along a galaxy that knows no end,  
But in His glory who for sinners died.

## AMERICAN HISTORY

*Marguerite Janvrin Adams*

Priscilla and John Alden lie at rest,  
Her small hands, folded close against her breast,  
And his, that once were intimate with toil,  
Are still a part of this New England soil.  
God's Acre is an easier field to plough—  
Earth presses on their eyelids gently now.

Across the hills their cottage still remains.  
Dust of the summer, deluge of the rains

Season its timbers, while the hearth they made  
Is trimly swept, and wooden platters laid  
On sturdy tables, as they were before;  
And all is snug behind the rough-hewn door.

So we are drawn together in that hour.  
We pause a moment, pick a ragged flower  
Creeping across the threshold, lean to trace  
The letters of those names that interlace,  
And nod our heads in salutation, knowing  
Whose steps we hear along the salt wind's blowing!

# Christmas

(DECEMBER 25)

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

*St. Luke 2:8-16*

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.



# THE LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM

*John Banister Tabb*

'Tis Christmas Night! the snow  
A flock unnumbered lies;  
The old Judean stars aglow  
Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds  
The pulses of the night;  
A deeper mystery enfolds  
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till lo, with reverence pale  
That dims each diadem,  
The lordliest, earthward bending, hail  
The Light of Bethlehem!

## PRAYER

*John Farrar*

Last night I crept across the snow,  
Where only tracking rabbits go,  
And then I waited quite alone  
Until the Christmas radiance shone!

At midnight twenty angels came,  
Each white and shining like a flame.  
At midnight twenty angels sang,  
The stars swung out like bells and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,  
They bore me in their arms until  
A greater glory greeted them.  
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,  
All worshipping that holy town,  
And gently, then, they bade me raise  
My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down.  
Ah, there was glory in that town!  
It was as if the world were free  
And glistening with purity.

And in that vault of crystal blue,  
It was as if the world were new,  
And myriad angels, file on file,  
Gloried in the Christ-Child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see  
Such glory, for a child like me,  
So beautiful, it does not seem  
It could have been a Christmas dream.

## OX AND DONKEY'S CAROL

### *Sister Maris Stella*

The Christ-child lay in the ox's stall,  
The stars shone great and the stars shone small,  
But one bright star outshone them all.

The cattle stood in the cleanly straw  
And strange to them was the sight they saw.  
The ox and the donkey watched with awe.

The shepherds ran from the uplands wide,  
The sheepbells tinkled, the angels cried  
Joy to the dreaming country side.

The three kings bowed at the stable door,  
Their raiment trailed on the dusty floor.  
They saw the sight they had journeyed for.



The kings came last in a lordly throng.  
The shepherds ran in the space of a song,  
But the beasts had been there all night long.  
Noel Noel Noel

## STAR OF THE EAST

*Eugene Field*

Star of the East, that long ago  
Brought wise men on their way  
Where, angels singing to and fro,  
The Child of Bethlehem lay—  
Above that Syrian hill afar  
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear  
But for the tender grace  
That with thy glory comes to cheer  
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;  
For by that charity we see  
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way  
In wisdom undefiled  
To seek that manger out and lay  
Our gifts before the child—  
To bring our hearts and offer them  
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

## THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

*Kate Louise Brown*

Little taper set tonight,  
Throw afar thy tiny light  
Up and down the darksome street,  
Guide the tender, wandering feet  
Of the darling Christ-child sweet.

He is coming in the snow,  
As He came so long ago;  
When the stars set o'er the hill,  
When the town is dark and still,  
Comes to do the Father's will.

Little taper, spread thy ray,  
Make His pathway light as day;  
Let some door be open wide  
For this guest of Christmastide,  
Dearer than all else beside.

Little Christ-child, come to me,  
Let my heart Thy shelter be;  
Such a home Thou wilt not scorn.  
So the bells on Christmas morn,  
Glad shall ring, "A Christ is born!"



## EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS TONIGHT

*Phillips Brooks*

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine;  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright;  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great—no cottage too small.  
The angels who welcome Him sing from the height,  
"In the city of David a King in His might."  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within  
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,  
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light,  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,  
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,  
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,  
O sons of the morning rejoice at the sight."  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

## LITTLE CHRIST CHILD

*Elsie M. Fowler*

Little Christ Child, did you know  
On that Christmas, long ago  
When the wise men from afar  
Followed—till they found your star,  
Did you know that hallowed night  
Started all the world aright,  
That each Christmas through the years,  
Wistful eyes are spared their tears,

Longing hearts find comfort, peace—  
Sin-sad souls gain sure release,  
Darkened hearts again are bright  
With a holy Christmas light;  
Childhood's empty hands are filled  
Since the star its radiance spilled  
In the manger, where you lay  
Baby Jesus, Christmas Day?  
Little Christ Child, did you know  
On that Christmas long ago  
That the glory of your night  
Started all the world aright?

## UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN

*Alice Meynell*

Given, not lent,  
And not withdrawn—once sent,  
This Infant of mankind, this One,  
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,  
New born and newly dear,  
He comes with tidings and a song,  
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold  
Keen winter grows not old,  
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,  
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet  
Come the expected feet.  
All joy is young, and new all art,  
And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

## A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

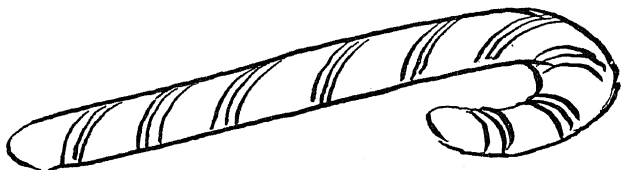
*Lizette Woodworth Reese*

The little Jesus came to town;  
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;  
Out in the street the wind was bold;  
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,  
Fair were the rushes on the floor;  
The Ox put forth a horned head:  
"Come, Little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Up rose the Sheep were folded near:  
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."  
He entered there to rush and reed,  
Who was the Lamb of God, indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;  
With Ox and Sheep He laid Him down;  
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,  
For that they housed Him from the cold!



## A CHILD'S PRAYER

*Francis Thompson*

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy  
Once, and just as small as I?  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of Heaven, and just like me?

Didst Thou sometimes think of THERE.  
And ask where all the angels were?  
I should think that I would cry  
For my house all made of sky;  
I would look about the air,  
And wonder where my angels were;  
And at waking 'twould distress me—  
Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,  
Like us little girls and boys?  
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all  
The angels, that were not too tall,  
With stars for marbles? Did the things  
Play CAN YOU SEE ME? through their wings?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,  
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?  
And did they tire sometimes, being young,  
And make the prayer seem very long?  
And dost Thou like it best, that we  
Should join our hands and pray to Thee?  
I used to think, before I knew  
The prayer not said unless we do.  
And did Thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in right?  
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,  
Kisses, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all  
That it feels like to be small:  
And Thou know'st I cannot pray  
To Thee in my father's way—  
When Thou wast so little, say,  
Could'st Thou talk Thy Father's way?—  
So, a little child, come down  
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;

Take me by the hand and walk,  
And listen to my baby talk.  
To Thy Father show my prayer  
(He will look, Thou art so fair),  
And say: "O Father, I, Thy son,  
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue  
Hast not changed since Thou wast young!

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
    And wild and sweet  
    The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
    Had rolled along  
    The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
    A voice, a chime,  
    A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
    And with the sound  
    The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
    And made forlorn  
    The households born  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!  
And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
    "For hate is strong,  
    And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"  
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!  
    The Wrong shall fail,  
    The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

## CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME

*Sir Walter Scott*

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
But, let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer.  
    And well our Christmas sires of old  
Loved, when the year its course had rolled  
And brought blithe Christmas back again  
With all its hospitable train,  
With social and religious rite  
To honor all the holy night.  
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung.  
Then opened wide the Baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And Ceremony doffed her pride.



All hailed with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.

Then came the merry maskers in  
And carols roared with blithesome din.  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note and strong.  
England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

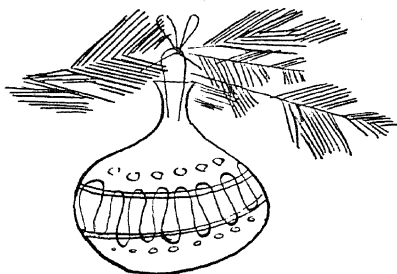
## YULE-TIDE FIRES

### *Unknown*

Light with the burning log of oak  
The darkness of thy care,  
Deck with the scarlet-berried bough  
The temple of the fair;  
Spread pure white linen for a feast,  
Perchance some guest may share.

Give forth thy gold and silver coins,  
For they were lent to thee;  
Put out to usury thy dross,  
One talent gaineth three.  
Perchance the hungered and the poor  
May pray to God for thee.

Once a pale star rose in the East  
For watching herds to see,  
And weakness came to Bethlehem,  
And strength to Galilee.  
Perchance! if thou dost keep thy tryst  
A star may rise for thee



## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton*

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,  
His hair was like a light.  
(O weary, weary were the world,  
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,  
His hair was like a star.  
(O stern and cunning are the kings,  
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,  
His hair was like a fire.  
(O weary, weary is the world,  
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,  
His hair was like a crown,  
And all the flowers looked up at Him  
And all the stars looked down.

# *Saint Stephen's Day*

(DECEMBER 26)

## GOOD KING WENCESLAUS

*John M. Neale*

Good King Wenceslaus looked out  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep, and crisp, and even:  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, Page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain;  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

*Special Days*



# *Birthdays*

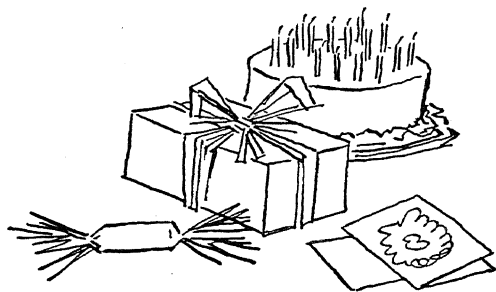
## A BIRTHDAY SONG

*Richard Watson Gilder*

I thought this day to bring to thee  
A flower that grows on the red rose tree.  
I searched the branches—O, despair!  
Of roses every branch was bare.

I thought to sing thee a birthday song  
As wild as my love, as deep and strong.  
The song took wing like a frightened bird,  
And its music my maiden never heard.

But, Love, the flower and the song divine  
One day of the year will yet be thine;  
And thou shalt be glad when the rose I bring,  
And weep for joy at the song I sing.



## AGE

*Edward Tuck*

Age is a quality of mind;  
If you've left your dreams behind,  
If Hope is cold,

If you no longer look ahead,  
If your ambition's fires are dead,  
Then you are old.

But,—if from Life you take the best,  
If in Life you keep the zest,  
If Love you hold,  
No matter how the years go by,  
No matter how the birthdays fly,  
You are not old.

## A WISH

*Ben Jonson*

The fairy beam upon you,  
The stars to glisten on you;  
A moon of light  
In the noon of night,  
Till the fire drake hath o'ergone you!  
The wheel of fortune guide you,  
The boy with the bow beside you  
Run aye in the way,  
Till the bird of day  
And the luckier lot betide you!

—from *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*

## WE ARE NEVER OLD

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Spring still makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told;  
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,  
And we are never old;

Over the winter glaciers  
I see the summer glow,  
And through the wild-piled snowdrift  
The warm rosebuds below.

—from *The World-Soul*

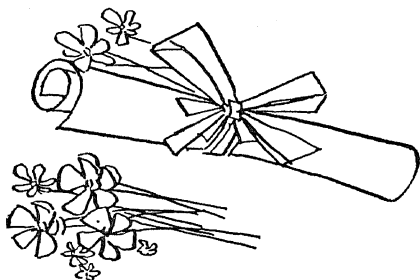
## MY BIRTHDAY

*Thomas Moore*

“My birthday!” What a different sound  
That word had in my youthful ears!  
And how, each time the day comes round,  
Less and less white its mark appears!



# Commencement



## AT GRADUATING TIME

### *Unknown*

The graduates are going forth—  
God bless them every one!—  
To run this hard and stubborn world  
Just as it should be run;  
But much I fear they'll find that facts  
Don't always track with dreams;  
And running this old world is not  
As easy as it seems.

The graduate is prone to think  
His wisdom is complete.  
He's but to ask—the world will lay  
Its trophies at his feet.  
But school days done and work begun,  
He learns to his regret  
The college of experience  
He has not mastered yet.

The world has garlands and applause  
At graduating time;  
But may forget him the next day  
When he attempts to climb.

Life is a battle where each one  
Must seek and hold his own.  
He who would rise above the clouds  
Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life today,  
As it has ever been:  
The world bestows its smile on those  
Who have the strength to win.  
Beneath all outward semblances  
It looks for merit true.  
It little cares how much you know,  
But asks, what can you do?

## AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

The end has come, as come it must  
To all things; in these sweet June days  
The teacher and the scholar trust  
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part: but in the years to be  
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,  
As shells bear inland from the sea  
The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all!  
Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams;  
In broader ways your footsteps fall,  
Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,  
She breaks her wand of power apart,  
While, for your love and trust, she gives  
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Hers is the sober summer noon  
Contrasted with your morn of spring,  
The waning with the waxing moon,  
The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years  
She sends her God-speed back to you;  
She has no thought of doubts or fears:  
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty; heed the deep,  
Low voice of conscience; through the ill  
And discord round about you, keep  
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle: unto griefs and needs,  
Be pitiful as woman should,  
And, spite of all the lies of creeds,  
Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive; go forth and bless  
The world that needs the hand and heart  
Of Martha's helpful carefulness  
No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by  
And leave each year a richer good,  
And matron loveliness outvie  
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your names  
With gracious lives and manners fine,  
The teacher shall assert her claims,  
And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"

## AT THIS FAREWELL

*William Wordsworth*

COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL

Dear native regions, I foretell,  
From what I feel at this farewell,  
That, whereso'er my steps may tend,  
And whenso'er my course shall end,  
If in that hour a single tie  
Survive of local sympathy,  
My soul will cast the backward view,  
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the sun sinks down to rest  
Far in the regions of the west,  
Though to the vale no parting beam  
Be given, not one memorial gleam,  
A lingering light he fondly throws  
On the dear hills where first he rose.

## IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL

~~David~~ *David Morton*

These walls will not forget, through later days,  
How they had bloomed with lifted, tossing heads  
Of swaying girls who thronged these ordered ways,  
Like windy tulips blowing in their beds.  
They will remember laughter down a hall,  
And eyes more bright than blossoms in the grass—  
A dream to haunt them, after all and all,  
When they are dead with dusty things that pass.

So that some wind of beauty, waking then,  
Whose breath shall be new summertimes for earth,  
Will stir these scattered stones to dream again,  
Of blowing shapes, of brightening eyes and mirth,  
And corridors, like windy tulip beds,  
Of swaying girls and lifted, tossing heads.

# State's Day



In most of the States of the United States, a day is observed to honor the date of the admission to the Union of that particular State. In most cases it is observed on the date of admission, and is known as Admission Day. Very often a whole week is observed.

In this section an attempt has been made to bring together the State Songs of all 48 States, Alaska, and Hawaii. To be considered Official, a law must have passed the State Legislature making the song the Official State Song. Where a song is included here but marked Unofficial, it is generally known as the State Song, but has not passed the State Legislature as such.

The States of California, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin are not represented here because they have no song considered as a State Song. The Official State Song of Colorado and the State Song of Missouri could not be included because the privilege to reprint was not granted by the copyright owners.

## A SONG FOR THE STATES

*Walt Whitman*

I will make a song for these States that no one State may under any  
circumstances be subjected to another State,  
And I will make a song that there shall be comity by day and by night  
between all the States, and between any two of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Interlink'd, food-yielding lands!  
Land of coal and iron! land of gold! land of cotton, sugar, rice!  
Land of wheat, beef, pork! land of wool and hemp! land of the apple  
and the grape!  
Land of the pastoral plains, the grass-fields of the world! land of those  
sweet-air'd interminable plateaus!  
Land of the herd, the garden, the healthy house of adobie!  
Lands where the north-west Columbia winds, and where the south-west  
Colorado winds!  
Land of the eastern Chesapeake! land of the Delaware!  
Land of Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan!  
Land of the Old Thirteen! Massachusetts land! land of Vermont and  
Connecticut.  
Land of the ocean shores! land of sierras and peaks!  
Land of boatmen and sailors! fishermen's land!  
Inextricable lands! the clutch'd together! the passionate ones!  
The side by side! the elder and younger brothers! the bony-limb'd!  
The great women's land! the feminine! the experienced sisters and the  
inexperienced sisters!  
Far breath'd land! Arctic braced! Mexican breez'd! the diverse! the  
compact!  
The Pennsylvanian! the Virginian! the double Carolinian!  
O all and each well-loved by me! my intrepid nations! O I at any rate  
include you all with perfect love!  
I cannot be discharged from you! not from one any sooner than an-  
other!

O death! O for all that, I am yet of you unseen this hour with irrepressible love,  
Walking New England, a friend, a traveler,  
Splashing my bare feet in the edge of the summer ripples on Paumotuk's sands,  
Crossing the prairies, dwelling again in Chicago, dwelling in every town,  
Observing shows, births, improvements, structures, arts,  
Listening to orators and oratresses in public halls,  
Of and through the States as during life, each man and woman my neighbor,  
The Louisianian, the Georgian, as near to me, and I as near to him and her,  
The Mississippian and Arkansian yet with me, and I yet with any of them,  
Yet upon the plains west of the spinal river, yet in my house of adobie,  
Yet returning eastward, yet in the Seaside State or in Maryland,  
Yet Kanadian cheerily braving the winter, the snow and ice welcome to me,  
Yet a true son either of Maine or of the Granite State, or the Narragansett Bay State, or the Empire State,  
Yet sailing to other shores to annex the same, yet welcoming every new brother,  
Hereby applying these leaves to the new ones from the hour they unite with the old ones,  
Coming among the new ones myself to be their companion and equal, coming personally to you now,  
Enjoining you to acts, characters, spectacles, with me.

On my way a moment I pause,  
Here for you! and here for America!  
Still the present I raise aloft, still the future of the States I harbinge glad and sublime,  
And for the past I pronounce what the air holds of the red aborigines.

The red aborigines,  
Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls as of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled, to us for names,

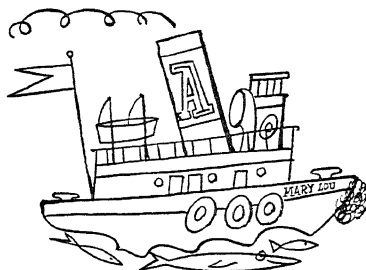


Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk, Natchez, Chattahoochee,  
Kaqueta, Oronoco,  
Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-Walla,  
Leaving such to the States they melt, they depart, charging the water  
and the land with names.  
Expanding and swift, henceforth,  
Elements, breeds, adjustments, turbulent, quick and audacious,  
A world primal again, vistas of glory incessant and branching,  
A new race dominating previous ones and grander far, with new con-  
tests,  
New politics, new literatures and religions, new inventions and arts.

These, my voice announcing—I will sleep no more but arise,  
You oceans that have been calm within me! how I feel you, fathomless,  
stirring, preparing unprecedented waves and storms.

See, steamers steaming through my poems,  
See, in my poems immigrants continually coming and landing,  
See, in arriere, the wigwam, the trail, the hunter's hut, the flatboat, the  
maize-leaf, the claim, the rude fence, and the backwoods village,  
See, on the one side the Western Sea and on the other the Eastern Sea,  
how they advance and retreat upon my poems as upon their own  
shores,  
See, pastures and forests in my poems,—see, animals wild and tame—  
see, beyond the Kaw, countless herds of buffalo feeding on short curly  
grass,  
See, in my poems, cities, solid, vast, inland, with paved streets, with iron  
and stone edifices, ceaseless vehicles, and commerce,  
See, the many-cylinder'd steam printing-press—see, the electric tele-  
graph stretching across the continent,  
See, through Atlantica's depths pulses American Europe reaching,  
pulses of Europe duly return'd,  
See, the strong and quick locomotive as it departs, panting, blowing  
the steam-whistle,  
See, ploughmen ploughing farms—see, miners digging mines—see, the  
numberless factories,  
See, mechanics busy at their benches with tools—see from among them

superior judges, philosophers, Presidents, emerge, drest in working  
dresses,  
See, lounging through the shops and fields of the States, me well-be-  
lov'd, close-held by day and night,  
Hear the loud echoes of my songs there—read the hints come at last.



## ALABAMA

WORDS BY *Julia S. Tutwiler*

MUSIC BY *Edna Goeckel Gussen*

1. Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee,  
From thy Southern shore where groweth  
By the sea thine orange tree,  
To thy Northern vale where floweth  
Deep and blue thy Tennessee,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee!
2. Broad the Stream whose name thou bearest;  
Grand thy Bigbee rolls along;  
Fair thy Coosa-Tallapoosa  
Bold thy Warrior, dark and strong,  
Goodlier than the land that Moses  
Climbed lone Nebo's Mount to see,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee!
3. From thy prairies broad and fertile,  
Where thy snow-white cotton shines,  
To the hills where coal and iron  
Hide in thy exhaustless mines,  
Strong-armed miners—sturdy farmers;  
Loyal hearts whate'er we be,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee!
4. From thy quarries where the marble  
White as that of Paros gleams  
Waiting till thy sculptor's chisel,  
Wake to life thy poet's dreams;

For not only wealth of nature,  
Wealth of mind hast thou to fee,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee!

5. Where the perfumed south-wind whispers,  
Thy magnolia groves among,  
Softer than a mother's kisses,  
Sweeter than a mother's song;  
Where the golden jasmine trailing,  
Woos the treasure-laden bee,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee!
6. Brave and pure thy men and women,  
Better this than corn and wine,  
Make us worthy, God in Heaven,  
Of this goodly land of Thine;  
Hearts as open as our doorways,  
Liberal hands and spirits free,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
We will aye be true to thee!
7. Little, little, can I give thee,  
Alabama, mother mine;  
But that little—hand, brain, spirit,  
All I have and am are thine,  
Take, O take the gift and giver,  
Take and serve thyself with me,  
Alabama, Alabama,  
I will aye be true to thee!

## ARIZONA

WORDS BY *Margaret Rowe Clifford*

MUSIC BY *Maurice Blumenthal*

- I. Come to this land of sunshine  
To this land where life is young.  
Where the wide, wide world is waiting,  
The songs that will now be sung.  
Where the golden sun is flaming  
Into warm, white, shining day,  
And the sons of men are blazing  
Their priceless right of way.

### *Chorus*

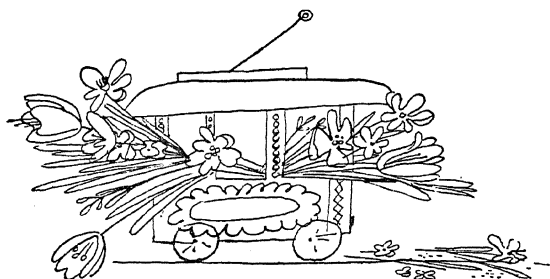
Sing the song that's in your hearts  
Sing of the great Southwest,  
Thank God, for Arizona  
In splendid sunshine dressed,  
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,  
For thy regal robes so sheen  
We hail thee Arizona  
Our goddess and our queen.

2. Come stand beside the rivers  
Within our valleys broad.  
Stand here with heads uncovered,  
In the presence of our God!  
While all around, about us  
The brave, unconquered band,  
As guardians and landmarks  
The giant mountains stand.

### *Chorus*

3. Not alone for gold and silver  
Is Arizona great.  
But with graves of heroes sleeping,  
All the land is consecrate!  
Oh, come and live beside us  
However far ye roam,  
Come help us build up temples  
And name those temples "home."

*Chorus*



ARKANSAS (*admission date* June 15, 1836) Official State Song

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

*Sanford C. Faulkner\**

1. On a lonely road quite long ago  
A trav'ler trod with fiddle and a bow;  
While rambling thru the country rich and grand,  
He quickly sensed the magic and the beauty of the land.

*Chorus*

For the Wonder State we'll sing a song,  
And lift our voices loud and long,  
For the Wonder State we'll shout Hurrah!  
And praise the opportunities we find in ARKANSAS.

\*Arkansas historians generally agree that Colonel S. C. Faulkner (1803-74) composed both words and music to this song.

2. Many years have passed, the trav'lers gay  
Repeat the tune along the highway;  
And ev'ry voice that sings the glad refrain  
Re-echoes from the mountains to the fields of growing grain.

*Chorus*

CONNECTICUT (*admission date* January 9, 1788)  
Unofficial State Song

## THE STATE WE HONOR

*Fanny J. Crosby*

Tune of "Red, White and Blue"

All hail to the State that we honor  
And claim as the place of our birth;  
The glory and pride of our nation,  
The spot that is brightest on earth.  
Unstained by the sword of the tyrant,  
Its colors triumphantly wave:  
Our Connecticut State, heaven bless it,  
The home of the loyal and brave.

*Chorus*

The home of the loyal and brave,  
The home of the loyal and brave:  
Our Connecticut State, heaven bless it,  
The home of the loyal and brave.

A song for the state that we honor,  
A song for the wide spreading tree,  
That grew by our own native river,  
Nor dreamed what its future might be.

But in years when a haughty oppressor  
Demanded the CHARTER he gave:  
That CHARTER concealed in the darkness  
Was hid in the OAK by the brave.

A voice from the state that we honor,  
An echo from valley and plain:  
It bids us remember the watchword  
That he who transplants will sustain.  
'Twas the God of the faithful transplanted  
Our sires from oppression's dark wave;  
He sustained and He now is sustaining  
Our home of the loyal and brave.

Then hurrah for the state that we honor,  
Hurrah for our dear native land:  
Of America's grand revolution,  
The daughters, united, we stand;  
Not a link from our bond shall be severed,  
While freedom her standard shall wave:  
Our Connecticut State, heaven bless it,  
Three cheers for the loyal and brave.

DELAWARE (*admission date* December 7, 1787) Official State Song

## OUR DELAWARE

WORDS BY *George B. Hynson*

MUSIC BY *Will M. S. Brown*

- I. Oh the hills of dear New Castle  
And the smiling vales between,  
When the corn is all in tassel,  
And the meadow lands are green,  
Where the cattle crop the clover,  
And its breath is in the air,  
While the sun is shining over  
Our beloved Delaware.



*Chorus*

Oh, our Delaware! Our beloved Delaware!  
For the sun is shining over our beloved Delaware,  
Oh! our Delaware! our beloved Delaware!  
Here's the loyal son that pledges,  
Faith to good old Delaware.

2. Where the wheatfields break and billow,  
In the peaceful land of Kent,  
Where the toiler seeks his pillow,  
With the blessings of content;  
Where the bloom that tints the peaches,  
Cheeks of merry maidens share,  
And the woodland chorus preaches  
A rejoicing Delaware.

*Chorus*

3. Dear old Sussex visions linger,  
Of the holly and the pine,  
Of Henlopes jeweled finger,  
Flashing out across the brine;  
Of the gardens and hedges,  
And the welcome waiting there,  
For the loyal son that pledges  
Faith to good old Delaware.

*Chorus*

FLORIDA (*admission date* March 3, 1845) Official State Song

SWANEE RIVER

*Stephen Collins Foster*

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber,  
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.

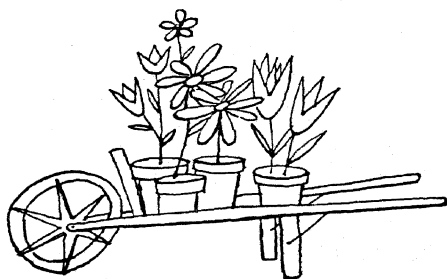
All up and down de whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation,  
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Eberywhere I roam;  
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered,  
When I was young,  
Den many happy days I squandered,  
Many de songs I sung.  
When I was playing wid my brudder  
Happy was I;  
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!  
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my memory rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a-humming  
All round de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Eberywhere I roam,  
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home!



GEORGIA (*admission date* January 2, 1788) Official State Song

GEORGIA

WORDS BY *Robert Loveman*

MUSIC BY *Lollie Belle Wylie*

1. From the mountains to the sea,  
Where her rivers roll,  
There I ever long to be,  
O my heart; my soul;  
By her meadows let me lie,  
In her vales remain,  
Underneath her roof-tree sky  
Watch the shadows wane.
2. Georgia-land of our delight,  
Haven of the blest,  
Here by happy day and night,  
Peace enthrones the breast.  
Georgia, Georgia dearest earth  
Underneath the blue,  
Clime that ever giveth birth  
To the brave and true.

IDAHO (*admission date* July 3, 1890) Official State Song

HERE WE HAVE IDAHO

ARRANGED BY *Harry A. Powell*

1. A pioneer state built a College to share  
Its youth and its rigorous life,  
That flourished and grew from year to year,  
Beset by political strife.

*Chorus:* And here we have Idaho,  
Winning her way to fame.  
Silver and Gold in the sunlight blaze  
And romance lies in her name.  
Singing, we're singing to you,  
Ah, proudly, too, all our lives thru,  
We'll go singing, singing of you,  
Alma Mater, our Idaho.

2. Then fire came destroying the child of the State,  
But quickly she sprang up anew,  
Upon the ashes that marked where the old  
Had left a bold spirit that grew.

*Chorus*

3. And now on a hill that is searched by the winds,  
There stands in security,  
Proud of her youth and a pioneer still,  
A staunch University.

*Chorus*

ILLINOIS (*admission date* December 3, 1818) Official State Song

## ILLINOIS

WORDS BY *C. H. Chamberlain*

Tune of "Baby Mine"

1. By the rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,  
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois, Illinois,  
Comes an echo on the breeze,  
Rustling thro' the leafy trees,  
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois, Illinois,  
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois!
2. From a wilderness of prairies, Illinois, Illinois,  
Straight thy way and never varies, Illinois, Illinois,

Till upon the inland sea  
Stands thy great commercial tree,  
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois, Illinois,  
Turning all the world to thee, Illinois!

3. When you heard your country calling, Illinois, Illinois,  
Where the shot and shell were falling, Illinois, Illinois,  
When the Southern host withdrew,  
Pitting Gray against the Blue,  
There were none more brave than you, Illinois, Illinois,  
There were none more brave than you, Illinois!
4. Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois, Illinois,  
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois,  
On the record of thy years,  
Abra'am Lincoln's name appears,  
Grant, and Logan, and our tears, Illinois, Illinois,  
Grant, and Logan, and our tears, Illinois!

INDIANA (*admission date* December 11, 1816) Official State Song  
ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY\*

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Paul Dresser*

1. 'Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields,  
In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool,  
Often times my tho'ts revert to scenes of childhood,  
Where I first received my lessons—nature's school.  
But one thing there is missing in the picture,  
Without her face it seems so incomplete,  
I long to see my mother in the doorway,  
As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet.

*Chorus*

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash,  
From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay,

\*Copyright, MCCCCXCVII, Howley, Haviland & Co., renewed and assigned to Paull-Pioneer Music Corp., 1657 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y. Used by special permission.

Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming,  
On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

2. Many years have passed since I strolled by the river,  
Arm in arm, with sweetheart Mary by my side,  
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,  
It was there I begged of her to be my bride.  
Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the churchyard,  
She's sleeping there, my angel, Mary dear,  
I loved her, but she thought I didn't mean it,  
Still I'd give my future were she only here.

*Chorus*

IOWA (*admission date* December 28, 1846) Official State Song

THE SONG OF IOWA

WORDS BY *S. H. M. Byers*

Tune of "My Maryland"

1. You ask what land I love the best,  
Iowa, 'tis Iowa,  
The fairest State of all the west,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.  
From yonder Mississippi's stream  
To where Missouri's waters gleam  
O! fair it is as poet's dream,  
Iowa, in Iowa.
2. See yonder fields of tasselled corn,  
Iowa, in Iowa,  
Where Plenty fills her golden horn,  
Iowa, O! Iowa,  
See how her wondrous prairies shine  
To yonder sunset's purpling line,  
O! happy land, O! land of mine,  
Iowa, in Iowa.
3. And she has maids whose laughing eyes,  
Iowa, O! Iowa,

To him who loves were Paradise,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.  
O! happiest fate that e'er was known  
Such eyes to shine for one alone  
To call such beauty all his own,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.

4. Go read the story of thy past,  
Iowa, O! Iowa,  
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!  
Iowa, O! Iowa.  
So long as time's great cycle runs,  
Or nations weep their fallen ones,  
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.

KANSAS (*admission date* January 29, 1861) Official State Song

## A HOME ON THE RANGE

*John A. Lomax*

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,  
The breezes so balmy and light,  
That I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities so bright.

The red man was pressed from this part of the West,  
He's likely no more to return

To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever  
Their flickering campfires burn.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,  
The Curlew I love to hear scream,  
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks  
That Graze on the mountaintops green.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the stream;  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

KENTUCKY (*admission date* June 1, 1792) Official State Song

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Stephen Collins Foster*

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.



The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By'n by hard times comes aknocking at the door,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

*Refrain:*

Weep no more, my lady,  
O weep no more today!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,  
In the field where the sugar-caness grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

LOUISIANA (*admission date* April 8, 1812) Official State Song

## SONG OF LOUISIANA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Vashti R. Stopher*

Louisiana! Louisiana! That dear old state of ours  
Where the mocker sings the sweetest and the land is filled with flowers.  
With hearts and voices lifted in our joyous way  
We sing to Louisiana forever and a day.

Louisiana! Louisiana! We lift this song to thee  
And with bow'd heads in rev'rent awe acclaim our loyalty.  
With hearts and voices lifted in our joyous way  
We sing to Louisiana forever and a day.

MAINE (*admission date* March 15, 1820) Official State Song

## STATE OF MAINE SONG

*Roger Vinton Snow*

Grand State of Maine,  
Proudly we sing,  
To tell your glories to the land,  
To shout your praises till the echoes ring.  
Should fate unkind  
Send us to roam,  
The scent of the fragrant pines,  
The tang of the salty sea  
Will call us home.

### *Chorus*

Oh Pine Tree State  
Your woods, fields and hills,  
Your lakes, streams and rockbound coast  
Will ever fill our hearts with thrills;  
And tho' we seek far and wide,  
Our search will be in vain,  
To find a fairer spot on earth  
Than Maine! Maine! MAINE!

## MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

WORDS BY *James R. Randall*

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,  
And all thy slumb'ers with the just,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
Than crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland! my Maryland!  
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,  
Maryland! my Maryland!

Come! to thine own heroic throng,  
That stalks with Liberty along,  
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,  
Maryland! my Maryland!

MICHIGAN (*admission date* January 26, 1837) Unofficial State Song

## MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN!

WORDS BY *Mrs. Henry F. Lyster*

Home of my heart, I sing of thee!  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines  
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,  
Fair in the light of memory shines  
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
And sent thy bravest forth to die,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
Beneath a hostile southern sky  
They bore thy banner proud and high,  
Ready to fight but never fly,  
Michigan, my Michigan.

From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
They bravely fight, as bravely fall,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
To Williamsburgh we point with pride—  
Our Fifth and Second, side by side  
There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide,  
Michigan, my Michigan.

When worn with watching traitor foes,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
The welcome night brought sweet repose,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
The soldier, weary from the fight,  
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,  
For "Michigan's on guard tonight!"  
Michigan, my Michigan.

Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Again behold thy heroes slain,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
"Their strong arms crumble in the dust,  
And their bright swords have gathered rust;  
Their memory is our sacred trust,"  
Michigan, my Michigan.

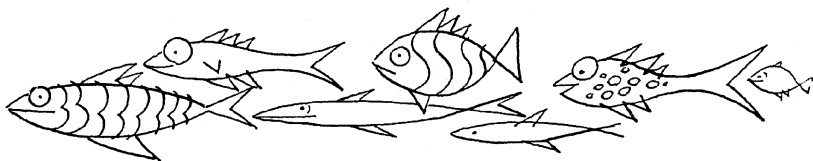
And often in the coming years,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Some widowed mother'll dry her tears,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
And turning with a thrill of pride,  
Say to the children at her side,  
At Antietam your father died,  
For Michigan, our Michigan.

With General Grant's victorious name,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Thy sons still onward march to fame,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
And foremost in the fight we see,  
Where e'er the bravest dare to be,  
The sabres of thy cavalrꝰ,  
Michigan, my Michigan.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood,  
Michigan, my Michigan.  
Although for us the day was lost,  
Still it shall be our proudest boast:  
At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed!  
Michigan, my Michigan.

And when the happy time shall come,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
That brings thy war-worn heroes home,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
What welcome from their own proud shore,  
What honors at their feet we'll pour,  
What tears for those who'll come no more,  
Michigan, my Michigan.

A grateful country claims them now,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
And deathless laurel binds each brow,  
Michigan, my Michigan;  
And history the tale will tell,  
Of how they fought and how they fell,  
For that dear land they loved so well,  
Michigan, my Michigan.



MINNESOTA (*admission date* May 11, 1858) Official State Song

HAIL! MINNESOTA!\*

WORDS BY *Truman E. Rickard and Arthur Upson*

MUSIC BY *Truman E. Rickard*

Minnesota, hail to thee!

Hail to thee, our college dear!

Thy light shall ever be

A beacon bright and clear;

Thy sons and daughters true

Will proclaim thee near and far;

They will guard thy Fame

And adore thy name;

Thou shalt be their Northern Star.

Like the stream that bends to sea,

Like the pine that seeks the blue,

Minnesota, still for thee

Thy sons are strong and true.

From thy woods and waters fair,

From thy prairies waving far,

At thy call they throng

With their shout and song,

Hailing thee their Northern Star.

\*The official State Song of Minnesota. Words by Truman E. Rickard and Arthur Upson and music by Truman E. Rickard. Complete copy with music available from Melrose Music Corp., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Used by permission of the copyright owners.

## WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MISSISSIPPI

WORDS BY *Verne Barnes*

MUSIC BY *Josie Gautier*

1. Way Down South in Mississippi,  
Cotton blossoms white in the sun!  
We all love our Mississippi—  
Here we'll stay where livin' is fun.  
The evening stars shine brighter  
And glad is every dewy morn,  
For way down South in Mississippi  
Folks are happy they have been born.
  
2. Way Down South in Mississippi,  
Mockin' birds sing sweet in the night.  
There they've found Mississippi—  
Food so good and future so bright.  
The soft white clouds are winging  
Up from the bright Gulf's sandy shore;  
Oh it's a glad land, Mississippi,  
We declare we'll leave it no more.
  
3. Way Down South in Mississippi,  
Old plantations bask in the sun.  
Darkies sing in Mississippi  
Evenings after labor is done.  
The melons ripen sweeter  
Where bright camellias spread good cheer,  
And God is loved in Mississippi;  
Home and church her people hold dear.



## MONTANA

WORDS BY *Charles C. Cohan*

MUSIC BY *Joseph E. Howard*

- I. Tell me of that Treasure State,  
Story always new,  
Tell of its beauties grand  
And its hearts so true.  
Mountains of sunset fire,  
The land I love the best;  
Let me grasp the hand of one  
From out the golden West.

### *Chorus*

Montana, Montana,  
Glory of the West,  
Of all the states from coast to coast,  
You're easily the best.  
Montana, Montana,  
Where skies are always blue,  
Montana, Montana,  
I love you.

2. Each country has its flow'r;  
Each one plays a part,  
Each bloom brings a longing hope  
To some lonely heart,  
Bitter Root to me is dear,  
Growing in my land;  
Sing then that glorious air  
The one I understand.

### *Chorus*

NEBRASKA (*admission date* March 1, 1867) Unofficial State Song

## MY NEBRASKA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Theodore C. Diers*

My Nebraska,  
Dear Nebraska,  
State I love the best.  
Where pioneers first led the way,  
Now lives a people blessed.  
And though the sun shines hot in summer  
Or cold winter winds may blow,  
It's always fair weather,  
In Nebraska,  
Where real folks grow.

My Nebraska,  
Fair Nebraska,  
Praise I sing of thee!  
No spot in all the whole wide world  
Is half so dear to me,  
From dewy dawn to flaming sunset,  
In twilight and long night through  
We'll all pull together.  
Oh, Nebraska,  
We're proud of you.

NEVADA (*admission date* October 31, 1864) Official State Song

## HOME MEANS NEVADA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Bertha Raffetto*

- I. 'Way out in the land of the setting sun,  
Where the wind blows wild and free,  
There's a lovely spot, just the only one  
That means home sweet home to me.

If you follow the old Kit Carson trail,  
Until desert meets the hills,  
Oh you certainly will agree with me,  
It's the place of a thousand thrills.

*Chorus*

Home, means Nevada,  
Home, means the hills,  
Home, means the sage and the pines.  
Out by the Truckee's silvery rills,  
Out where the sun always shines,  
There is the land that I love the best,  
Fairer than all I can see.  
Right in the heart of the golden west  
Home, means Nevada to me.

2. Whenever the sun at the close of day,  
Colors all the western sky,  
Oh, my heart returns to the desert grey  
And the mountains tow'ring high.  
Where the moonbeams play in shadowed glen,  
With the spotted fawn and doe,  
All the live-long night until morning light,  
Is the loveliest place I know.

*Chorus*

NEW HAMPSHIRE (*admission date* June 21, 1788) Official State Song

OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

WORDS BY *Dr. John F. Holmes*  
MUSIC BY *Maurice Hoffmann, Jr.*

1. With a skill that knows no measure,  
From the golden store of fate,  
God, in His great love and wisdom,  
Made the rugged Granite State;

Made the lakes, the fields, the forests;  
Made the rivers and the rills;  
Made the bubbling, crystal fountains  
Of New Hampshire's Granite Hills.

*Chorus*

Old New Hampshire, Old New Hampshire,  
Old New Hampshire, grand and great,  
We will sing of Old New Hampshire,  
Of the dear Old Granite State.

2. Buildest He New Hampshire glorious  
From the borders to the sea;  
And with matchless charm and splendor  
Blessed her for eternity.  
Hers, the majesty of mountain;  
Hers, the grandeur of the lake;  
Hers, the truth as from the hillside  
Whence her crystal waters break.

*Chorus*

NEW JERSEY (*admission date* December 18, 1787)  
Unofficial State Song

ODE TO NEW JERSEY

WORDS BY *Dr. Elias F. Carr*

Tune of "Maryland, My Maryland"

1. The rolling wave is on thy shore, Jerseyland,  
my Jerseyland!  
Aloft thine azured mountains soar, Jerseyland,  
my Jerseyland!  
Hill-top and vale, low-lying plain,  
Thy pines, thy streams with murmuring strain,  
These ne'er will let thy beauty wane,  
Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!

2. On fame's bright roll thy name is found,  
Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!  
Thine every road is hallowed ground, Jerseyland,  
my Jerseyland!  
At Trenton and on Princeton's field,  
On Monmouth's plain with valor steeled,  
Thy sons their lives for freedom sealed,  
Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!
3. Minerva holds thee near her heart, Jerseyland,  
my Jerseyland!  
Their gifts the sacred Nine impart, Jerseyland,  
my Jerseyland!  
Fair wisdom's sons thou lov'st to call  
From wayside shrine and college hall;  
Thine altar fires bid welcome all, Jerseyland,  
my Jerseyland!

NEW MEXICO (*admission date* January 6, 1912) Official State Song

## O, FAIR NEW MEXICO

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Elizabeth Garrett*

1. Under a sky of azure,  
Where balmy breezes blow;  
Kissed by the golden sunshine,  
Is Nuevo Mejico.  
Home of the Montezuma,  
With fiery heart aglow,  
State of the deeds historic,  
Is Nuevo Mejico.

### *Chorus*

O, fair New Mexico,  
We love, we love you so,  
Our hearts with pride o'erflow  
No matter where we go,

O, fair New Mexico,  
We love, we love you so,  
The grandest state to know,  
New Mexico.

2. Rugged and high sierras,  
With deep canons below;  
Dotted with fertile valleys,  
Is Nuevo Mejico.  
Fields full of sweet alfalfa,  
Richest perfumes bestow,  
State of the apple blossoms,  
Is Nuevo Mejico.

*Chorus*

3. Days that are full of heart dreams,  
Nights when the moon hangs low;  
Beaming its benediction,  
O'er Nuevo Mejico.  
Land with its bright manana,  
Coming through weal and woe,  
State of our esperanza,  
Is Nuevo Mejico.

*Chorus*

NORTH CAROLINA (*admission date* November 21, 1789)  
Official State Song

## THE OLD NORTH STATE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *William Gaston*

1. Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend her,  
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her,  
Tho' the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,  
Still our hearts swell with gladness when ever we name her.

*Chorus*

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State.

2. Tho' she envies not others, their merited glory,  
Say whose name stands the foremost, in liberty's story,  
Tho' too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,  
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission.

*Chorus*

3. Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in,  
As happy a region as on this side of heaven,  
Where plenty and peace, love and joy smile before us,  
Raise aloud, raise together the heart thrilling chorus.

*Chorus*

NORTH DAKOTA (*admission date* November 2, 1889)  
Official State Song

NORTH DAKOTA HYMN

WORDS BY *James W. Foley*

MUSIC BY *Dr. C. S. Putnam*

1. North Dakota, North Dakota,  
With thy prairies wide and free,  
All thy sons and daughters love thee,  
Fairest state from sea to sea;  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
Here we pledge ourselves to thee.  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
Here we pledge ourselves to thee.
2. Hear thy loyal children singing,  
Songs of happiness and praise,  
Far and long the echoes ringing,  
Through the vastness of thy ways.

North Dakota, North Dakota,  
We will serve thee all our days.  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
We will serve thee all our days.

3. Onward, onward, onward going,  
Light of courage in thine eyes,  
Sweet the winds above thee blowing,  
Green thy fields and fair thy skies.  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
Brave the soul that in thee lies.  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
Brave the soul that in thee lies.
4. God of freedom, all victorious,  
Give us souls serene and strong,  
Strength to make the future glorious,  
Keep the echo of our song.  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
In our hearts forever long.  
North Dakota, North Dakota,  
In our hearts forever long.

OKLAHOMA (*admission date* November 16, 1907) Official State Song

## OKLAHOMA

*Harriet Parker Camden*

1. I give you a land of sun and flow'rs, and summer the whole year  
long;  
I give you a land where the golden hours roll by to a mocking bird's  
song.  
Where the cotton blooms 'neath the southern sun,  
Where the vintage hangs thick on the vine.  
A land whose story has just begun, this wonderful land of mine.



*Chorus*

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, fairest daughter of the west;  
Oklahoma, Oklahoma, 'tis the land I love the best;  
We have often sung her praises, but we have not told the half  
So, I give you Oklahoma 'tis a toast we all can quaff.

2. A land where the fields of golden grain like waves on a sunlit sea  
Bend low to the breezes that sweep the plain, with a welcome to  
you and to me.

Where the corn grows high 'neath the smiling sky,  
Where the quail whistles low in the grass,  
And fruit trees with a burden sweet, and perfume the winds that  
pass.

*Chorus*

OREGON (*admission date* February 14, 1859) Official State Song

OREGON STATE SONG

WORDS BY *J. A. Buchanan*

MUSIC BY *Henry B. Murtagh*

1. Land of the Empire Builders,  
Land of the Golden West;  
Conquered and held by free men,  
Fairest and the best.  
Onward and upward ever,  
Forward and on, and on;  
Hail to thee, Land of Heroes,  
My Oregon.
2. Land of the rose and sunshine,  
Land of the summer's breeze;  
Laden with health and vigor,  
Fresh from the Western seas.  
Blest by the blood of martyrs,  
Land of the setting sun;  
Hail to thee, Land of Promise,  
My Oregon.

PENNSYLVANIA (*admission date* December 12, 1787)  
Unofficial State Song

PENNSYLVANIA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Helen Hall Bucher*

1. All hail to Pennsylvania,  
The glorious Keystone State,  
Our aims and all we cherish  
To thee we dedicate.  
Here blooms the mountain laurel  
In Nature's sunlit bower,  
We hail thee Queen of Beauty  
As Pennsylvania's flower.
2. I love thy purple mountains,  
And thy deeply wooded hills,  
I love the noble rivers  
And thy lovely sparkling rills.  
While the wealth of buried treasure  
In the mines of Mother Earth,  
Is a lasting source of riches,  
Proving Pennsylvania's worth.
3. Thy fields and fertile valleys  
And every fruited vine  
Yield food for starving nations  
O! Pennsylvania mine.  
Where the happy songs of toilers  
As they till the verdant sod  
Reveal their faith in harvests  
That come from Nature's God.
4. We'll sing of all thy grandeur  
Of woods and blooming flowers,  
Where waterfalls make music  
Throughout the sunny hours.

Here William Penn found beauty  
In every bush and tree  
He called it Pennsylvania  
For all posterity.

RHODE ISLAND (*admission date* May 29, 1790) Official State Song

## RHODE ISLAND

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *T. Clarke Brown*

Here's to you, belov'd Rhode Island,  
With your hills and ocean shore:  
We are proud to hail you "Rhody,"  
And your Patriots of yore.  
First to claim your Independence,  
Rich your heritage and fame:  
The smallest State, smallest State, and yet so great, so great,  
We will glorify your name.

Here's a toast to you, Rhode Island,  
And your gallant sons so brave:  
Who have fought to win your freedom,  
In the air, on land and wave.  
May you always be victorious,  
Led by "Hope," your motto grand:  
Where e'er we roam, e'er we roam, we'll come back home, back home,  
To our dear own Rhode Island.



Published by permission of the copyright owners George F. Briegel, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA (*admission date* May 23, 1788)  
Official State Song

CAROLINA

WORDS BY *Henry Timrod*

MUSIC BY *Anne Custis Burgess*

1. Call on thy children of the hill,  
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,  
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,  
Carolina! Carolina!
2. Hold up the glories of thy dead;  
Say how thy elder children bled,  
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,  
Carolina! Carolina!
3. Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,  
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,  
They shall not touch thy noble heart,  
Carolina! Carolina!
4. Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!  
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas  
Like thine own proud armorial trees,  
Carolina! Carolina!
5. Girt with such wills to do and bear,  
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,  
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,  
Carolina! Carolina!

SOUTH DAKOTA (*admission date* November 2, 1889)  
Official State Song

HAIL! SOUTH DAKOTA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Deecort Hammitt*

1. Hail! South Dakota  
A great state of the land,  
Health, wealth, and beauty,  
That's what makes her grand;  
She has her Black Hills,  
And mines with gold so rare  
And with her scenery,  
No state can compare.
2. Come where the sun shines,  
And where life's worth your while,  
You won't be here long,  
Till you'll wear a smile;  
No state so healthy,  
And no folk quite so true;  
To South Dakota  
We all welcome you.
3. Hail! South Dakota,  
The state we love the best,  
Land of our fathers,  
Builders of the west;  
Home of the Badlands,  
And Rushmore's ageless shrine;  
Hills, farms, and prairies,  
Blessed with bright sunshine.

## WHEN IT'S IRIS TIME IN TENNESSEE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Willa Mae Waid*

1. Sweetness of Spring memories bring  
Of a place I long to be.  
Land of Sunshine calls this old heart of mine,  
Come back to Tennessee—When it's

### *Chorus*

Iris time down in Tennessee,  
I'll be coming back to stay  
Where the mocking bird sings at the break of day  
A lilting love song gay.  
Where the Iris grows,  
Where the Harpeth flows,  
That's where I long to be.  
There's a picture there that lives in memory  
When it's Iris time in Tennessee.

2. Rocks and the rills, deep tinted hills,  
There's no spot so dear to me.  
Where'er I roam still it's my Home Sweet Home,  
My own, my Tennessee—When it's

### *Chorus*

## TEXAS, OUR TEXAS

WORDS BY *Gladys Yoakum Wright*

MUSIC BY *William J. Marsh*

1. Texas, our Texas  
All hail the mighty State!  
Texas, our Texas,  
So wonderful—so great!  
Largest and grandest,  
Withstanding every test;  
O Empire, wide and glorious,  
You stand supremely blest.

### *Chorus*

God bless you, Texas!  
And keep you brave and strong,  
That you may grow in power and worth,  
Throughout the ages long.

2. Texas, O Texas!  
Your free-born Single Star  
Sends out its radiance  
To nations near and far.  
Emblem of Freedom!  
It sets our hearts aglow,  
With thoughts of San Jacinto  
And glorious Alamo.

### *Chorus*

3. Texas, dear Texas!  
From tyrant grip now free,  
Shines forth in splendor  
Your Star of Destiny!

Mother of Heroes!  
We come, your children true,  
Proclaiming our allegiance—  
Our Faith—Our Love for you.

*Chorus*

UTAH (*admission date* January 4, 1896) Official State Song

UTAH, WE LOVE THEE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Evan Stephens*

1. Land of the mountains high,  
Utah, we love thee!  
Land of the sunny sky,  
Utah, we love thee!  
Far in the glorious west,  
Throned on the mountain's crest,  
In robes of statehood dressed,  
Utah, we love thee!
2. Columbia's newest star,  
Utah, we love thee!  
Thy lustre shines afar,  
Utah, we love thee!  
Bright in our banner's blue,  
Among her sisters true,  
She proudly comes to view,  
Utah, we love thee!
3. Land of the Pioneers,  
Utah, we love thee!  
Grow with the coming years,  
Utah, we love thee!  
With wealth and peace in store,  
To fame and glory soar,  
God guarded evermore,  
Utah, we love thee!



## HAIL, VERMONT!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *Josephine Hovey Perry*

1. Hail to Vermont! Lovely Vermont!  
Hail to Vermont so fearless!  
Sing we a song! Sing loud and long!  
To our little state so peerless!  
Green are her hills, Clear are her rills,  
Fair are her lakes and rivers and valleys;  
Blue are her skies,—Peaceful she lies,  
But when roused to a call she speedily rallies!

### *Chorus*

Hail to Vermont! Dear old Vermont!  
Our love for you is great.  
We cherish your name, We laud! We acclaim!  
Our own Green Mountain State.

2. Proud of Vermont, Lovely Vermont,  
Proud of her charm and her beauty;  
Proud of her name, Proud of her fame,  
We're proud of her sense of duty;  
Proud of her past, Proud first and last,  
Proud of her lands and proud of her waters;  
Her men are true blue, Her women are—too,  
We're proud of her sons and proud of her daughters!

### *Chorus*

## CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY *James Bland*

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow;  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,  
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.  
There's where I labored so hard for old massa,  
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;  
No place on earth do I love more sincerely  
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

### *Chorus*

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow;  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,  
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There let me live—'til I wither and decay;  
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,  
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.  
Massa and missis have long gone before me,  
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore;  
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,  
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

WASHINGTON (*admission date* November 11, 1889)  
Official State Song

WASHINGTON'S SONG

WORDS BY *Dr. Edmond S. Meany*  
MUSIC BY *Reginald de Koven*

1. Thy name, O Washington renowned,  
    We hail, we hail from far and near  
    Thy glories joyfully resound,  
    In song of praise and mighty cheer.
2. Thy fame, O Washington serene,  
    Leads on, leads on up toward the sky,  
    While we through every changing scene  
    Thy purple pennants lift on high.
3. Thy deeds, O Washington benign,  
    Will last, will last as hills of stone,  
    While we like ore the fires refine  
    Will ring forth praise to thee alone.
4. Thy sons, O Washington beloved,  
    Lift up, lift up their heads in pride,  
    By whatsoever sea removed,  
    To thee, their lives in love are tied.

WEST VIRGINIA (*admission date* June 20, 1863)  
Unofficial State Song

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

*Ellen King and H. E. Engle*

1. Oh, the West Virginia hills!  
    How majestic and how grand,  
    With their summits bathed in glory,  
    Like our Prince Immanuel's land!

Is it any wonder then,  
That my heart with rapture thrills,  
As I stand once more with loved ones  
On those West Virginia hills?

*Chorus*

O the hills,—beautiful hills,  
Beautiful hills,—beautiful hills,  
How I love those West Virginia hills:  
Beautiful hills;  
If o'er sea or land I roam  
Still I'll think of happy home,  
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.

2. Oh, the West Virginia hills!  
Where my girlhood hours were passed;  
Where I often wander'd lonely,  
And the future tried to cast;  
Many are our visions bright  
Which the future ne'er fulfills;  
But how sunny were my daydreams  
On those West Virginia hills!

*Chorus*

3. Oh, the West Virginia hills!  
How unchang'd they seem to stand,  
With their summits pointed skyward  
To the Great Almighty's Land!  
Many changes I can see,  
Which my heart with sadness fills,  
But no changes can be noticed  
In those West Virginia hills!

*Chorus*

4. Oh, the West Virginia hills!  
I must bid you now adieu;  
In my home beyond the mountains  
I shall ever dream of you;

In the evening time of life,  
If my Father only wills,  
I shall still behold the vision  
Of those West Virginia hills!

*Chorus*

WYOMING (*admission date* July 10, 1890) Unofficial State Song

WYOMING

WORDS BY *Charles E. Winter*

MUSIC BY *George E. Knapp*

1. In the far and mighty West,  
Where the crimson sun seeks rest;  
There's a growing splendid State that lies above  
On the breast of this great land;  
Where the massive Rockies stand,  
There's Wyoming young and strong, the State I love!

*Chorus*

Wyoming! Wyoming!  
Land of the sunlight clear,  
Wyoming! Wyoming!  
Land that we hold so dear.  
Wyoming! Wyoming!  
Precious art thou and thine;  
Wyoming! Wyoming!  
Beloved state of mine!

2. In thy flowers wild and sweet,  
Colors rare and perfumes meet;  
There's the columbine so pure, the daisy too,  
Wild the rose and red it springs,  
White the button and its rings,  
Thou art loyal for they're red and white and blue.

*Chorus*

3. Where thy peaks with crowned head,  
Rising till the sky they wed,  
Sit like snow-queens ruling wood and stream and plain;  
'Neath thy granite bases deep,  
'Neath thy bosom's broadened sweep,  
Lie the riches that have gained and brought the fame.

*Chorus*

4. Other treasures thou dost hold,  
Men and women thou dost mould;  
True and earnest are the lives that thou dost raise,  
Strength thy children thou dost teach,  
Nature's truth thou giv'st to each,  
Free and noble are thy workings and thy ways.

*Chorus*

5. In the nations banner free  
There's one star that has for me  
A radiance pure and a splendor like the sun;  
Mine it is, Wyoming's star,  
Home it leads me near or far;  
O Wyoming all my heart and love you've won!

*Chorus*

ALASKA Unofficial Song

ALASKA

*Unknown*

Tune of "Maryland, My Maryland"  
O land of gold, I sing to thee,  
Alaska, My Alaska,  
Thy snow-capped peaks I love to see,  
Alaska, My Alaska,

From Arctic Ocean's frozen shore,  
To Baranof of Russian lore  
Thy mighty rivers, I adore,  
Alaska, My Alaska.

In '67 by Seward's might,  
Alaska, My Alaska,  
Thine inmost wealth was brought to light,  
Alaska, My Alaska,  
Tho' slow thy growth, through many a year  
Thy motto has been "Persevere",  
Thy fame is sung both far and near,  
Alaska, My Alaska.

O may thy future shine most clear,  
Alaska, My Alaska,  
And in the hearts of men grow dear,  
Alaska, My Alaska,  
Henceforth, O fairest land I know  
The wealth from out thy hill shall flow  
And cast o'er all a radiant glow  
Alaska, My Alaska.

## HAWAII Official Song

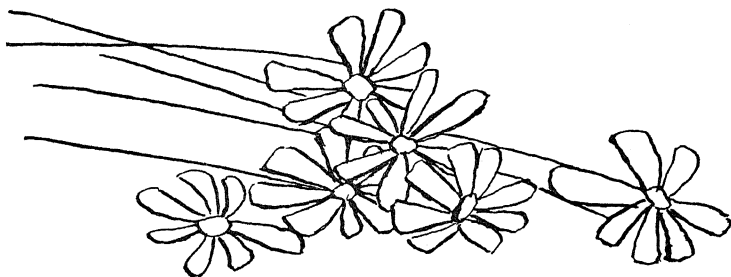
### OUR NATIVE LAND

WORDS BY *King Kalākaua*

TRANSLATED BY *Henry L. Sheldon*

1. Hawaii! sea-girt land!  
Strong for thy monarch stand,  
Sons of the ancient band,  
Stand for your King!
2. Hawaii's true-born sons  
Cherish the high-born ones,  
From old their lineage runs,  
Guard the young chiefs.

3. Hawaii! young and brave,  
Thine 'tis thyself to save!  
Hopeful thy banners wave,  
Upward and on!
4. O thou who reign'st above,  
Father of might and love,  
Grant that Thy peaceful dove  
Brood o'er our land.







*Special Weeks*  
*Celebrated in Our Schools*



# *Be Kind to Animals Week*

## NATURE'S FRIEND

*William Henry Davies*

Say what you like  
All things love me!  
I pick no flowers—  
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths  
Think my hand one—  
To touch their wings—  
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse  
Comes near to play;  
Indeed, he turns  
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well  
I rob no nest:  
When I look in,  
She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows,  
Or they would come  
After my voice  
Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,  
Straight from my lip,  
My hand could not  
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,  
All things love me!  
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,  
Bird, Moth and Bee.

## HURT NO LIVING THING

*Christina G. Rossetti*

Hurt no living thing:  
Ladybird nor butterfly,  
Nor moth with dusty wing,  
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,  
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,  
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,  
Nor harmless worms that creep.

## THE SNARE

*James Stephens*

I hear the sullen cry of pain!  
There is a rabbit in a snare:  
Now I hear the cry again,  
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where  
He is calling out for aid;  
Crying on the frightened air,  
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,  
Wrinkling up his little face,  
As he cries again for aid;  
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place  
Where his paw is in the snare:  
Little one! Oh, little one!  
I am searching everywhere.

## LOST DOG

*Frances Rodman*

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new tread,  
Dark wells of brown with half his heart in each;  
He will not bark, because he is well-bred.  
Only one voice can heal the sorry breach.  
He scans the faces that he does not know,  
One paw uplifted, ear cocked for a sound  
Outside his sight. Only he must not go  
Away from here; by honor he is bound.  
Now he has heard a whistle down the street;  
He trembles in a sort of ecstasy,  
Dances upon his eager, padding feet,  
Straining himself to hear, to feel, to see,  
And rushes at a call to meet the one  
Who of his tiny universe is sun.

## THE RUNAWAY

*Robert Frost*

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,  
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say "Whose colt?"  
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,  
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head  
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.  
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,  
And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey,  
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.

"I think the little fellow's afraid of snow.  
 He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play  
 With the little fellow at all. He's running away.  
 I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,  
 It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!  
 Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."  
 And now he comes again with a clatter of stone  
 And mounts the wall again with whited eyes  
 And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.  
 He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.  
 "Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,  
 When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,  
 Ought to be told to come and take him in."

## THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES

*Ellen Murray*

TRAVELER. Begone, you, sir. Here, shepherd, call your dog.

SHEPHERD. Be not affrighted, madame. Poor Pierrot  
 Will do no harm. I know his voice is gruff,  
 But then, his heart is good.

TRAVELER. Well, call him, then.  
 I do not like his looks. He's growling now.

SHEPHERD. Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot,  
 He is as good a Christian as myself.  
 And does not like a stick.

TRAVELER. Such a fierce look!  
 And such great teeth!

SHEPHERD. Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth!  
 Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth.  
 Come here, my Pierrot. Would you like to hear,  
 Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me?

TRAVELER. Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.

SHEPHERD. Do you see  
 On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands  
 Against the sky?

TRAVELER.

Just where the cliff goes down  
A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock  
To where the river foams along its bed?  
I've often wondered who was brave to plant  
A cross on such an edge.

SHEPHERD.

Myself, madame.  
That the good God might know I give Him thanks.  
One night, it was November, black and thick,  
The fog came down, when as I reached my house,  
Marie came running out; our little one,  
Our four-year Louis, so she cried, was lost.  
I called Pierrot: "Go, seek him, find my boy,"  
And off he went. Marie was crying loud  
To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched  
All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain;  
Whistled and called, and listened for his voice;  
He always came or barked at my first word,  
But now, he answered not. When day at last  
Broke, and the gray fog lifted, there I saw  
On that high ledge, against the dawning light,  
My little one asleep, sitting so near  
That edge that as I looked his red beret  
Fell from his nodding head down the abyss.  
And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot; his teeth,  
His good, strong teeth, clenching the jacket brown,  
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds  
Swift as the gray wolf's own, I climbed the steep,  
And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail,  
And looked at me, so utterly distressed,  
With eyes that said: "Forgive, I could not speak,"  
But never loosed his hold till my dear rogue  
Was safe within my arms.

Ah, ha, Pierrot,  
Madame forgives your barking and your teeth;  
I knew she would.

TRAVELER.

Come here, Pierrot, good dog,  
Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true,  
Come, come, be friends with me.



# Book Week



## GOLDEN SPURS

*Virginia Scott Miner*

Books are bridges,  
Shining, free,  
Which link us to  
Ourselves-to-be.

No one has to  
Go their way—  
He who chooses  
Still may stay

In his yard or  
At his gate  
While the shining  
Bridges wait.

Who would hunt  
With Robin Hood  
Deep within  
An English wood?

Who would scour  
La Mancha's plain  
With the doughty  
Don of Spain?

Who would ride  
A sturdy roan  
To the rescue  
Of Saint Joan?

Books are bridges,  
Cross, and see  
The mighty lands  
Of chivalry—

Cross, and conquer  
Every foe  
All your lifetime  
Needs to know.

Cross—for heroes  
Left behind  
Golden spurs  
For you to find!

## “GOOD FROM A BOOK”

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

We get no good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits,—so much help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

—from *Aurora Leigh*

## ENVOY

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Go, little book, and wish to all  
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,  
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,  
A house with lawns enclosing it,  
A living river by the door,  
A nightingale in the sycamore.

## A BOOK

*Hannah More*

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,  
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold:  
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;  
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—  
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;  
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.  
In form too I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin,  
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with skin;  
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute—  
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;  
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;  
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much;  
I often die soon, though sometimes live ages,  
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

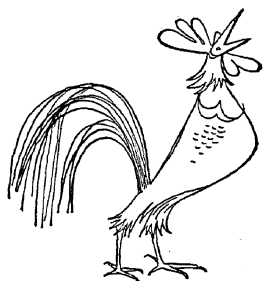
## OLD SUSAN

*Walter de la Mare*

When Susan's work was done she'd sit,  
With one fat guttering candle lit,  
And window opened wide to win  
The sweet night air to enter in;

There, with a thumb to keep her place,  
She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face,  
Her mild eyes gliding very slow  
Across the letters to and fro,  
While wagged the guttering candle flame  
In the wind that through the window came.

And sometimes in the silence she  
Would mumble a sentence audibly,  
Or shake her head as if to say,  
"You silly souls, to act this way!"  
And never a sound from night I'd hear,  
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;  
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn  
Another page; and rapt and stern,  
Through her great glasses bent on me  
She'd glance into reality;  
And shake her round old silvery head,  
With—"You!—I thought you was in bed!—"  
Only to tilt her book again,  
And rooted in Romance remain.



## TO ROBERT BROWNING

*Walter Savage Landor*

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear  
Beside the singer; and there is delight  
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone  
And see the praised far off him, far above.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,  
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,  
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,  
No man hath walked along our roads with step  
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes  
Give brighter plumage, stronger wind: the breeze  
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on  
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where  
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

## IN MEMORY OF LEWIS CARROLL

### *Unknown*

Lover of children! Fellow heir with those  
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is.  
Beyond all doubting now your spirit knows  
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look  
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;  
You, like the maiden in your fairy book,  
You step behind and see the light.

Farewell! But in our hearts we have you yet,  
Holding our heritage with loving hand,  
Who may not follow where your feet are set  
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

## DICKENS IN CAMP

### *Bret Harte*

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below;  
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure  
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp with "Nell" in English meadows  
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;  
And he who wrought that spell?—  
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills  
With hop vine's incense all the pensive glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
And laurel wreaths entwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—  
This spray of western pine!

## EMERSON

*Mary Mapes Dodge*

We took it to the woods, we two,  
The book well worn and brown,  
To read his words where stirring leaves  
Rained their soft shadows down.

Yet as we sat and breathed the scene,  
We opened not a page;  
Enough that he was with us there,  
Our silent, friendly sage!

His fresh "Rhodora" bloomed again;  
His "Humble-bee" buzzed near;  
And oh, the "Wood-notes" beautiful  
He taught our souls to hear.

So our unopened book we read;  
And so, in restful mood,  
We and our poet, arm in arm,  
Went sauntering through the wood.

## LONGFELLOW

*James Whitcomb Riley*

The winds have talked with him confidingly;  
The trees have whispered to him; and the night  
Hath held him gently as a mother might,  
And taught him all sad tones of melody;

The mountains have bowed to him; and the sea,  
In clamorous waves, and murmurs exquisite,  
Hath told him all her sorrow and delight,—  
Her legends fair,—her darkest mystery.  
His verse blooms like a flower, night and day;  
Bees cluster round his rhymes; and twitterings  
Of lark and swallow, in an endless May,  
Are mingling with the tender songs he sings.  
Nor shall he cease to sing—in every lay  
Of Nature's voice he sings—and will alway.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

*Clifford Lanier*

Dreaming along the haunted shore of time,  
And mad that sea's Aeolian song to sing,  
He found the shell of Beauty, rhythmic rhyme,  
And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing.

## SHAKESPEARE

*Matthew Arnold*

Others abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know  
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better sol



All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

## TO WORDSWORTH

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

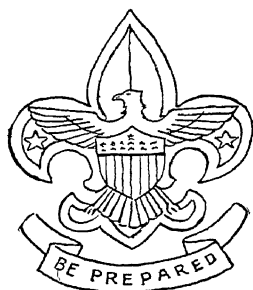
Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know  
That things depart which never may return;  
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,  
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.  
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,  
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore;  
Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine  
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar;  
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
Above the blind and battling multitude;  
In honored poverty thy voice did weave  
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty;—  
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,  
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

# Boy Scout Week

## A BOY'S PRAYER

*Henry Charles Beeching*

God who created me  
Nimble and light of limb,  
In three elements free,  
To run, to ride, to swim;  
Not when the sense is dim,  
But now from the heart of joy,  
I would remember Him:  
Take the thanks of a boy.



## RULES FOR THE ROAD

*Edwin Markham*

Stand straight:  
Step firmly, throw your weight:  
The heaven is high above your head,  
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:  
Sing to your heart a battle song:

Though hidden foemen lie in wait,  
Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:  
Nothing can harm you if you are true.  
And when night comes, rest:  
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

## FORBEARANCE

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?  
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay?  
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

## THE VAGABOND

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river—  
There's the life for a man like me.  
There's the life forever.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.

White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me,  
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I ask, the heaven above  
And the road below me.

# *Fire Prevention Week*

ADOLPHUS ELFINSTONE

*Gelett Burgess*

Adolphus Elfinstone of Natchez,  
Thought it was funny to play with matches  
Until the little Goop had learned  
It hurt a lot when he got burned!  
*A little* fire is queer and curious;  
But soon it grows quite big and furious.

CHICAGO

*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Men said at vespers: "All is well!"  
In one wild night the city fell;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:  
"The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signaled round that sea of fire;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;  
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress  
The primal sins of selfishness!  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires thy western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous!

## FLASH: THE FIREMAN'S STORY

*Will Carleton*

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on Number Three:  
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;  
Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates;  
Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates.

Dull an' moody an' sieepy, an' "off" on quiet days;  
Full o' turbulent, sour looks, an' small, sarcastic ways;  
Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable floor—  
With other means intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be 't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,  
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;  
An' watch, with nervous shivers, the clasp of buckle an' band,  
Until 'twas plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush and tear,  
As if a thousand witches was rumplin' up his hair,  
An' craze the other horses with his magnetic charm,  
Till every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would notice and admire  
Like Flash in front of his engine a-runnin' to a fire;  
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack,  
As Flash upon his return trip a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old,  
They're no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold  
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine  
A-bossin' one o' God's creatures outside its natural line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now,  
Feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow;  
But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din  
An' jump an' rear for a season before they could hold him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps,  
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;  
Whereat the milkman kicked him; whereat, us boys to please,  
He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash,  
Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash,

Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart,  
We passed the poor old fellow a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old hoss grow upward into a new—  
If ever I see a milkman whose traps behind him flew,  
'Twas that old hoss, a-rearin' an' racin' down the track,  
An' that respectable milkman a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he rushed like a cyclone for the head o' Number Three,  
Gained the lead an' kept it, an' steered his journey free;  
Dodgin' wagons an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk,"  
An' furnishin' all that neighborhood with good, respectable milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin' "Whoa!"  
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show;  
Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', an' shoutin' "Good! go in!"  
Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally came where the fire was—halted with a thud;  
Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud;  
Watched till he see the engines properly workin' there,  
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled, faded away once more,  
Took up his old occupation—considerin' life a bore;  
Laid down in his harness, an'—sorry I am to say—  
The milkman he had drawn there took his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen, more'n once or twice,  
That poor dead animal's actions is full o' human advice;  
An' if you ask what Flash thought, I'll simply answer, then,  
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

An' if, as some consider, there's animals in the sky,  
I think the poor old fellow is gettin' another try;  
But if he should sniff the big fire that plagues the abode o' sin,  
It'll take the strongest angel to hold the old fellow in.



# Girl Scout Week

## FOLLOW THE GLEAM

*Alfred Tennyson*

Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight!  
O young Mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel,  
And crowd your canvas,  
And, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the Gleam.



## A PRAYER

*Edwin Markham*

Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;

But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower.  
Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let life lightly wear her crown,  
Like a poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew,  
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be  
Kind and patient as a tree.  
Joyfully the crickets croon  
Under shady oak at noon;  
Beetle, on his mission bent,  
Tarries in that cooling tent.  
Let me, also, cheer a spot,  
Hidden field or garden grot—  
Place where passing souls can rest  
On the way and be their best.

## THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

*E. Pauline Johnson*

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,  
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.  
The sail is idle, the sailor too;  
O wind of the west, we wait for you!  
Blow, blow!  
I have wooed you so,  
But never a favor you bestow.  
You rock your cradle the hills between,  
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:  
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;  
My paddle will lull you into rest:  
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,

Sleep, sleep!  
By your mountains steep,  
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,  
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,  
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!  
The reckless waves you must plunge into.  
Reel, reel,  
On your trembling keel,  
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead:  
The river slips through its silent bed.  
Sway, sway,  
As the bubbles spray  
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,  
A fir tree rocking its lullaby  
Swings, swings,  
Its emerald wings,  
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

## MEG MERRILIES

*John Keats*

Old Meg she was a gypsy,  
And lived upon the moors;  
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,  
Her currants, pods o'broom;  
Her wine was dew o' the wild white rose,  
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,  
Her Sisters larchen trees;  
Alone with her great family,  
She lived as she did please.

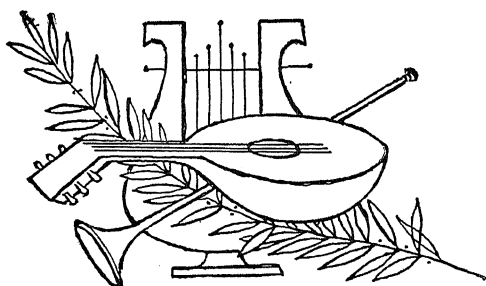
No breakfast had she many a morn,  
No dinner many a noon,  
And 'stead of supper, she would stare  
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh,  
She made her garlanding,  
And every night the dark glen Yew,  
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers, old and brown,  
She plaited Mats of Rushes,  
And gave them to the Cottagers  
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,  
And tall as Amazon;  
An old red blanket cloak she wore,  
A chip hat had she on.  
God rest her aged bones somewhere:  
She died full long ago.

# Music Week



## ODE

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy*

We are the music-makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities.  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth;

And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration  
Is the life of each generation;  
A wondrous thing of our dreaming  
Unearthly, impossible seeming—  
The soldier, the king, and the peasant  
Are working together in one,  
Till our dream shall become their present,  
And their work in the world be done.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,  
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!  
The glory about us clinging  
Of the glorious futures we see,  
Our souls with high music ringing:  
O men! it must ever be  
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,  
A little apart from ye.

Great hail! we cry to the comers  
From the dazzling unknown shore;  
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,  
And renew our world as of yore;  
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,  
And things that we dreamed not before:  
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,  
And a singer who sings no more.

## MUSIC

*Walter de la Mare*

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know,  
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;

Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees,  
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise  
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,  
Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted face,  
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am  
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;  
While from Time's woods break into distant song  
The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

## AT THE SYMPHONY

*Robert Nathan*

The 'cellos, setting forth apart,  
Grumbled and sang, and so the day,  
From the low beaches of my heart,  
Turned in tranquility away.

And over weariness and doubt  
Rose up the horns like bellied sails,  
Like canvas of the soul flung out  
To rising and orchestral gales;

Passed on and left irresolute  
The ebony, the silver throat . . .  
Low over clarinet and flute  
Hung heaven upon a single note.

## THE VIOLIN

*Richard Watson Gilder*

Before the listening world behold him stand;  
The warm air trembles with his passionate play;  
Their cheers shower round him like the ocean spray  
Round one who waits upon the stormy strand.

Their smiles, sighs, tears all are at his command;  
And now they hear the trump of judgment-day,  
And now one silver note to heaven doth stray  
And fluttering fall upon the golden sand.  
But like the murmur of the distant sea  
Their loud applause, and far off, faint, and weak  
Sounds his own music to him, wild and free—  
Far from the soul of music that doth speak  
In wordless wail and lyric ecstasy  
From that good viol prest against his cheek.

## OVER HIS KEYS

*James Russell Lowell*

Over his keys the musing organist,  
Beginning doubtfully and far away,  
First lets his fingers wander as they list,  
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:  
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,  
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent  
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

—from *Prelude to Part First of The Vision of Sir Launfal*

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin, and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.



He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep, cool bed of the river,  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
While turbidly flowed the river,  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing  
In holes as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
"The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan,  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

## ORPHEUS

*William Shakespeare*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music, plants, and flowers,  
Ever spring; as sun and showers,  
There has been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art;  
Killing care and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, hearing die.

## THE POET AND HIS SONG

*Paul Laurence Dunbar*

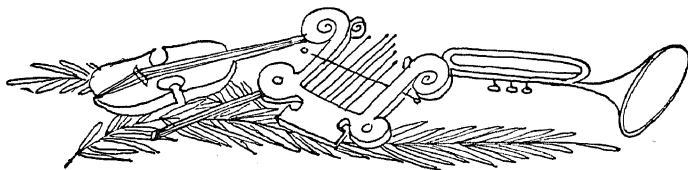
A song is but a little thing,  
And yet what joy it is to sing!  
In hours of toil it gives me zest,  
And when at eve I long for rest;  
When cows come home along the bars,  
And in the fold I hear the bell,  
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,  
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,  
No lips to lift a word of praise;  
But still, with faith unfaltering,  
I live and laugh and love and sing.

What matters yon unheeding throng?  
They cannot feel my spirit's spell,  
Since life is sweet and love is long,  
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;  
I till my ground and prune my trees.  
When ripened gold is all the plain,  
I put my sickle to the grain.  
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,  
While others dream within the dell;  
But even while my brow is wet,  
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,  
My garden makes a desert spot;  
Sometimes a blight upon the tree  
Takes all my fruit away from me;  
And then with throes of bitter pain  
Rebellious passions rise and swell;  
But—life is more than fruit or grain,  
And so I sing, and all is well.



## *Index of Authors*

- ADAMS, MARGUERITE JANVRIN  
American History, 219
- ANTROBUS, JOHN  
Cowboy, The, 148
- ARNOLD, EDWIN  
Swallows, The, 109
- ARNOLD, MATTHEW  
Quiet work, 167  
Shakespeare, 311
- AUSLANDER, JOSEPH  
Blackbird Suddenly, A, 107
- BANGS, EDWARD  
Yankee Doodle, 162
- BARNES, VERNE  
Way Down South in Mississippi, 271
- BATES, KATHERINE LEE  
America the Beautiful, 127
- BEECHING, HENRY CHARLES  
Boy's Prayer, A, 313
- BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE  
At Warm Springs, 39
- BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB  
Flag Goes By, The, 141  
St. Patrick Was a Gentleman, 66
- BENTON, JOEL  
Halloween, 192
- BIBLE, THE  
First Christmas, The, 221  
Psalm: 147, A, 210
- BIERCE, AMBROSE  
The Hero, The, 121
- BILLER, MATTHEW  
American Freedom, The, 128
- BLAND, JAMES  
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, 289
- BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD  
Songs for My Mother: Her Hands, 117
- BROOKE, RUPERT  
The Dead, 136
- BROOKS, PHILLIPS  
Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas  
Tonight, 225
- BROOKS, WILLIAM E.  
Memorial Day, 137
- BROWN, ALICE  
Candlemas, 43
- BROWN, KATE LOUISE  
Christmas Candle, The, 224
- BROWN, T. CLARKE  
Rhode Island, 282
- BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT  
"Good from a Book", 305  
How Do I Love Thee?, 54  
Musical Instrument, A, 327
- BROWNING, ROBERT  
Rest Remaineth, 75  
Year's at the Spring, The, 68
- BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN  
Song for New Year's Eve, A, 29  
Twenty-Second of February, The, 57
- BUCHANAN, J. A.  
Oregon State Song, 280
- BUCHER, HELEN HALL  
Pennsylvania, 281
- BURGESS, GELETT  
Adolphus Elfinstone, 316

- BURNS, ROBERT  
Red, Red Rose, A, 55
- BURTON, KATHERINE  
November Eleventh, 204
- BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH  
Crown Our Washington, 58  
Immortal Morn, 179
- BYERS, S. H. M.  
Song of Iowa, The, 261
- BYRON, GEORGE GORDON  
Cincinnatus of the West, The, 58
- CAMDEN, HARRIET PARKER  
Oklahoma, 279
- CARLETON, WILL  
Flash: The Fireman's Story, 317
- CARMAN, BLISS  
Trees, 95
- CARR, ELIAS F.  
Ode to New Jersey, 275
- CHAMBERLAIN, C. H.  
Illinois, 259
- CHERRY, ANDREW  
Green Little Shamrock of Ireland,  
The, 67
- CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH  
Christmas Carol, The, 233  
Donkey, The, 72
- CLARE, JOHN  
Thrush's Nest, The, 109
- CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS  
It Shall Not Be Again!, 205  
Prospect, 187
- CLIFFORD, MARGARET ROWE  
Arizona, 252
- COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH J.  
Bad Kittens, The, 195
- COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM  
Secret Heart, The, 152  
Way to Know a Father, The, 151
- COHAN, CHARLES C.  
Montana, 272
- COLERIDGE, HARTLEY  
November, 196
- COX, KENYON  
Work, 166
- CRASHAW, RICHARD  
Christ Crucified, 73
- CRAWFORD, ROBERT  
U.S. Air Force, The, 125
- CROSBY, FANNY J.  
State We Honor, The, 254
- CROWELL, GRACE NOLL  
Assurance, 75
- DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY  
Nature's Friend, 299
- DAY, WILLIAM  
Mount Vernon, the Home of Wash-  
ington, 60
- DE LA MARE, WALTER  
Music, 325  
Old Susan, 306
- DELAND, MARGARET WADE  
Easter Music, 76
- DIERS, THEODORE C.  
My Nebraska, 273
- DOBSON, AUSTIN  
Ballad of Heroes, A, 133
- DODGE, MARY MAPES  
Emerson, 310
- DRESSER, PAUL  
On the Banks of the Wabash, Far  
Away, 260
- DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE  
Columbian Ode, 180  
Lonesome, 118  
Poet and His Song, The, 329
- EATON, ARTHUR DENTWORTH HAMIL-  
TON  
Pray for the Dead, 197
- EMERSON, RALPH WALDO  
Concord Hymn, 87  
Forbearance, 314  
Ode, 160  
We Are Never Old, 238
- ENGLE, H. E.  
see King, Ellen
- FARRAR, JOHN  
Prayer, 222
- FAULKNER, SANDFORD C.  
Arkansas Traveler, The, 253
- FIELD, EUGENE  
Star of the East, 224  
Valentine, A, 52

- FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD  
Lincoln, 44
- FOLEY, JAMES W.  
North Dakota Hymn, 278
- FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS  
My Old Kentucky Home, 263  
Swanee River, 256
- FOWLER, ELSIE M.  
Little Christ Child, 226
- FROST, ROBERT  
Runaway, The, 301
- GARRETT, ELIZABETH  
O, Fair New Mexico, 276
- GARRISON, THEODOSIA  
Poplars, The, 97
- GASTON, WILLIAM  
Old North State, The, 277
- GILDER, RICHARD WATSON  
Birthday Song, A, 237  
Builders of the State, 202  
Inauguration Day, 38  
John Paul Jones, 124  
Motto for a Tree-Planting, 95  
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln, 49  
Violin, The, 326
- GUEST, EDGAR A.  
Forgetful Pa, 153
- GUITERMAN, ARTHUR  
Our Colonel, 190  
What the Gray Cat Sings, 194
- HAGEDORN, HERMANN  
Mother in the House, The, 116
- HALE, EDWARD EVERETT  
New England's Chevy Chase, 88
- HAMMITT, DEECORT  
Hail! South Dakota, 284
- HARTE, BRET  
Dickens in Camp, 308  
Reveillé, The, 121
- HARTMAN, HELEN M.  
Moving Day, 177
- HEBER, REGINALD  
Epiphany, 34
- HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA  
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, The, 217
- HERRICK, ROBERT  
Ceremony for Candlemas Day, A, 42  
Corinna's Maying, 114  
True Lent, A, 70
- HINKSON, KATHARINE TYNAN  
Sheep and Lambs, 74
- HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT  
God Give Us Men!, 200
- HOLMES, JOHN F.  
Old New Hampshire, 274
- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL  
Flower of Liberty, The, 159  
Old Ironsides, 123
- HONE, WILLIAM  
First of April, The, 80
- HOUSMAN, A. E.  
Lent Lily, The, 71
- HOWE, JULIA WARD  
Lincoln, 48  
Robert E. Lee, 36
- HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN  
In August, 164
- HYNSON, GEORGE B.  
Our Delaware, 255
- IRVING, MINNA  
Betsy's Battle Flag, 145
- JACKSON, HELEN HUNT  
September, 165
- JACQUES, EDNA  
Red Cross, The, 62
- JOHNSON, E. PAULINE  
Song My Paddle Sings, The, 321
- JOHNSON, GEOFFREY  
First of April, The, 81
- JONSON, BEN  
Wish, A, 238
- KALAKAUA, KING  
Our Native Land, 294
- KEATS, JOHN  
Meg Merrilies, 322
- KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT  
Star-Spangled Banner, The, 130
- KING, ELLEN & ENGLE, H. E.  
West Virginia Hills, The, 290
- KIPLING, RUDYARD  
Feet of the Young Men, The, 171

- LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE  
     To Robert Browning, 307  
 LANIER, CLIFFORD  
     Edgar Allan Poe, 311  
 LANIER, SIDNEY  
     Ballad of Trees and the Master, A, 73  
     Tampa Robins, 108  
 LAZARUS, EMMA  
     Inscription on the Statue of Liberty,  
     127  
 LINDSAY, VACHEL  
     Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight,  
     45  
     In Praise of Johnny Appleseed, 99  
 LOMAX, JOHN A.  
     Home on the Range, A, 262  
 LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH  
     Christmas Bells, 230  
     God's Acre, 198  
     Midnight Mass for the Dying Year, 31  
     Paul Revere's Ride, 90  
     Santa Filomena, 63  
 LOVEMAN, ROBERT  
     Georgia, 258  
 LOVER, SAMUEL  
     Birth of Saint Patrick, The, 65  
 LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL  
     Fatherland, The, 189  
     Fourth of July Ode, 158  
     January, 26  
     June, 139  
     Over His Keys, 327  
 LYSTER, MRS. HENRY F.  
     Michigan, My Michigan!, 267  
  
 MACKAYE, PERCY  
     Goethals, the Prophet Engineer, 84  
     Hymn of the New World, 82  
 MARINONI, ROSA ZAGNONI  
     Ash Wednesday, 69  
 MARIS STELLA, SISTER  
     Ox and Donkey's Carol, 223  
 MARKHAM, EDWIN  
     Brotherhood, 185  
     Christ of the Andes, The, 85  
     Creed, A, 185  
     Joy of the Morning, 107  
     Lincoln Triumphant, 44  
     Prayer, A, 320  
     Rules for the Road, 313  
  
 MCCRAE, JOHN  
     In Flanders Fields, 207  
 McMAHAN, HELEN  
     October, 176  
 MEANY, EDMOND S.  
     Washington's Song, 290  
 MEYNELL, ALICE  
     Unto Us a Son Is Given, 227  
 MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT  
     Winter Night, 215  
 MILLER, EMILY HUNTINGTON  
     New Year Song, 27  
 MILLER, JOAQUIN  
     Columbus, 182  
 MILTON, JOHN  
     Song on a May Morning, 111  
 MINER, VIRGINIA SCOTT  
     Golden Spurs, 304  
 MONROE, HARRIET  
     Washington, 56  
 MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER  
     Armistice Day, 205  
 MOORE, MARIANNE  
     In Distrust of Merits, 207  
 MOORE, THOMAS  
     My Birthday, 239  
     To My Mother, 120  
 MORE, HANNAH  
     Book, A, 306  
 MORFORD, SYBIL  
     Fairies, The, 193  
 MORTON, DAVID  
     In a Girls' School, 243  
 MUNKITTRICK, RICHARD KENDALL  
     Autumn Haze, 169  
 MURRAY, ELLEN  
     Shepherd Dog of the Pyrenees, The,  
     302  
  
 NATHAN, ROBERT  
     At the Symphony, 326  
 NEALE, JOHN M.  
     Good King Wenceslaus, 234  
 NESBIT, WILBUR D.  
     Your Flag and My Flag, 144  
  
 O'CROWLEY, DENIS  
     Washington, 56

- O'HARA, THEODORE  
Bivouac of the Dead, 133
- OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT  
Labor, 166
- O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR  
Ode, 324
- PARKER, HUBBARD  
Old Flag, 142
- PARMENTER, CATHERINE  
To the Memory of John Burroughs, 98
- PATMORE, COVENTRY  
Year's Round, The, 25
- PERRY, JOSEPHINE HOVEY  
Hail, Vermont!, 288
- PIERPONT, JOHN  
Ballet, The, 200  
Fourth of July, The, 157
- POE, EDGAR ALLAN  
Simple Duty, A, 55
- POWELL, HARRY A.  
Here We Have Idaho, 258
- POWERS, HORATIO NELSON  
New Year, The, 33
- RAFFETTO, BERTHA  
Home Means Nevada, 273
- RANDALL, JAMES R.  
Maryland! My Maryland!, 266
- RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES  
Word of God to Leyden Came, The, 216
- REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH  
Christmas Folk-Song, A, 228
- RICKARD, TRUMAN E. & UPSON, ARTHUR  
Hail! Minnesota!, 270
- RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB  
Boy's Mother, A, 119  
Longfellow, 310  
Monument for the Soldiers, A, 135
- ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON  
Master, The, 46
- ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT  
Sagamore, 190
- ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY  
Panama, 83
- RODMAN, FRANCES  
Lost Dog, 301
- ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.  
Easter Carol, An, 77  
Hurt No Living Thing, 300  
New Year Ditty, 29
- ROSSETTI, DANTE G.  
Young Firwood, A, 98
- RYAN, ABRAM J.  
Sword of Robert Lee, The, 36
- SABIN, EDWIN L.  
Easter, 78
- SCOLLARD, CLINTON  
On the Eve of Bunker Hill, 150  
Peace, 188  
Winds of God, The, 188
- SCOTT, WALTER, SIR  
Christmas in Olden Time, 231
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM  
Orpheus, 329
- SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE  
To Wordsworth, 312
- SIDNEY, PHILIP  
Ditty, A, 54
- SIGERSON, DORA  
One Forgotten, The, 197
- SIGOURNEY, LYDIA H.  
Indian Names, 174
- SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS  
America, 131
- SNOW, ROGER VINTON  
State of Maine Song, 265
- SPENSER, EDMUND  
May, 110
- STEPHENS, EVAN  
Utah, We Love Thee, 287
- STEPHENS, JAMES  
Snare, The, 300
- STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS  
Envoy, 306  
My Valentine, 52  
Vagabond, The, 314
- STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY  
Lincoln's Birthday, 49
- STOPHER, VASHTI R.  
Song of Louisiana, 264



- SWETT, SUSAN HARTLEY  
 July, 156
- TABB, JOHN BANISTER  
 Light of Bethlehem, The, 222
- TEASDALE, SARA  
 December Day, A, 214
- TENNYSON, ALFRED  
 Federation of the World, 184  
 Follow the Gleam, 320  
 May Queen, The, 111  
 Politics, 203  
 Ring Out Wild Bells, 28  
 Snowdrop, The, 41  
 Throstle, The, 155
- THOMPSON, FRANCIS  
 Child's Prayer, A, 228
- THORNE, ANNA H.  
 Peace Universal, 186
- TIMROD, HENRY  
 Carolina, 283  
 Ode for Decoration Day, 134
- TUCK, EDWARD  
 Age, 237
- TUTWILER, JULIA S.  
 Alabama, 250
- UPSON, ARTHUR  
 see Rickard, Truman E.
- VAN DYKE, HENRY  
 Work, 167
- VERY, JONES  
 Tree, The, 96
- WAID, WILLA MAE  
 When It's Iris Time in Tennessee, 285
- WALLACE, WILLIAM ROSS  
 What Rules the World, 120
- WARD, LYDIA AVERY COONLEY  
 Flag Song, 145
- WATSON, WILLIAM  
 Song, 79
- WHITMAN, WALT  
 O Captain! My Captain!, 50  
 Prayer of Columbus, The, 180  
 Song for the States, A, 246  
 This Dust Was Once the Man, 50
- WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF  
 At School-Close, 241  
 Chicago, 316  
 Harvest Hymn, 211  
 My Trust, 118  
 Poor Voter on Election Day, The, 201  
 Pumpkin, The, 210
- WINTER, CHARLES E.  
 Wyoming, 292
- WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM  
 At This Farewell, 243  
 Pilgrim Fathers, The, 219  
 Written in March, 61
- WRIGHT, GLADYS YOAKUM  
 Texas, Our Texas, 286
- WYNNE, ANNETTE  
 Hearts Were Made to Give Away, 53
- YEOMANS, EDWARD S.  
 Navajo Prayer, 170

# Index of Titles

ADOLPHUS ELFINSTONE . . . . .	<i>Gelett Burgess</i> . . . . .	316
AGE . . . . .	<i>Edward Tuck</i> . . . . .	237
ALABAMA . . . . .	<i>Julia S. Tutwiler</i> . . . . .	250
ALASKA . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	293
ALL FOOLS' DAY . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	80
AMERICA . . . . .	<i>Samuel Francis Smith</i> . . . . .	131
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL . . . . .	<i>Katherine Lee Bates</i> . . . . .	127
AMERICAN FREEDOM, THE . . . . .	<i>Matthew Biller</i> . . . . .	128
AMERICAN HISTORY . . . . .	<i>Marguerite Janvrin Adams</i> . . . . .	219
ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MID- NIGHT . . . . .	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> . . . . .	45
ARIZONA . . . . .	<i>Margaret Rowe Clifford</i> . . . . .	252
ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE . . . . .	<i>Sandford C. Faulkner</i> . . . . .	253
ARMISTICE DAY . . . . .	<i>Roselle Mercier Montgomery</i> . . . . .	205
ASH WEDNESDAY . . . . .	<i>Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni</i> . . . . .	69
ASSURANCE . . . . .	<i>Grace Noll Crowell</i> . . . . .	75
AT GRADUATING TIME . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	240
AT SCHOOL-CLOSE . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	241
AT THE SYMPHONY . . . . .	<i>Robert Nathan</i> . . . . .	326
AT THIS FAREWELL . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	243
AT WARM SPRINGS . . . . .	<i>William Rose Benét</i> . . . . .	39
AUTUMN HAZE . . . . .	<i>Richard Kendall Munkittrick</i> . . . . .	169
BAD KITTENS, THE . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth J. Coatsworth</i> . . . . .	195
BALLAD OF HEROES, A . . . . .	<i>Austin Dobson</i> . . . . .	133
BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MAS- TER, A . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> . . . . .	73
BALLOT, THE . . . . .	<i>John Pierpont</i> . . . . .	200
BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG . . . . .	<i>Minna Irving</i> . . . . .	145
BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK, THE . . . . .	<i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . .	65
BIRTHDAY SONG, A . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . . . .	237
BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD . . . . .	<i>Theodore O'Hara</i> . . . . .	133
BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY, A . . . . .	<i>Joseph Auslander</i> . . . . .	107
BOOK, A . . . . .	<i>Hannah More</i> . . . . .	306
BOY'S MOTHER, A . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> . . . . .	119

BOY'S PRAYER, A . . . . .	<i>Henry Charles Beeching</i> . . . . .	313
BROTHERHOOD . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	185
BUILDERS OF THE STATE . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . . . .	202
CANDLEMAS . . . . .	<i>Alice Brown</i> . . . . .	43
CANDLEMAS . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	42
CAROLINA . . . . .	<i>Henry Timrod</i> . . . . .	283
CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY	<i>James Bland</i> . . . . .	289
CEREMONY FOR CANDLEMAS DAY, A	<i>Robert Herrick</i> . . . . .	42
CHICAGO . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	316
CHILD'S PRAYER, A . . . . .	<i>Francis Thompson</i> . . . . .	228
CHRIST CRUCIFIED . . . . .	<i>Richard Crashaw</i> . . . . .	73
CHRIST OF THE ANDES, THE . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	85
CHRISTMAS BELLS . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	230
CHRISTMAS CANDLE, THE . . . . .	<i>Kate Louise Brown</i> . . . . .	224
CHRISTMAS CAROL, A . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Keith Chesterton</i> . . . . .	233
CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG, A . . . . .	<i>Lizette Woodworth Reese</i> . . . . .	228
CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> . . . . .	231
CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST, THE . . . . .	<i>George Gordon Byron</i> . . . . .	58
COLUMBIAN ODE . . . . .	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> . . . . .	180
COLUMBUS . . . . .	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> . . . . .	182
CONCORD HYMN . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	87
CORINNA'S MAYING . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> . . . . .	114
COWBOY, THE . . . . .	<i>John Antrobus</i> . . . . .	148
CREED, A . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	185
CROWN OUR WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> . . . . .	58
DEAD, THE . . . . .	<i>Rupert Brooke</i> . . . . .	136
DECEMBER DAY, A . . . . .	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> . . . . .	214
DICKENS IN CAMP . . . . .	<i>Bret Harte</i> . . . . .	308
DITTY, A . . . . .	<i>Philip Sidney</i> . . . . .	54
DONKEY, THE . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Keith Chesterton</i> . . . . .	72
EASTER . . . . .	<i>Edwin L. Sabin</i> . . . . .	78
EASTER CAROL, AN . . . . .	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i> . . . . .	77
EASTER MUSIC . . . . .	<i>Margaret Wade Deland</i> . . . . .	76
EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . . .	<i>Clifford Lanier</i> . . . . .	311
EMERSON . . . . .	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i> . . . . .	310
ENVOY . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> . . . . .	306
EPIPHANY . . . . .	<i>Reginald Heber</i> . . . . .	34
EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE		
CHRISTMAS TONIGHT . . . . .	<i>Phillips Brooks</i> . . . . .	225
FAIRIES, THE . . . . .	<i>Sybil Morford</i> . . . . .	193
FATHERLAND, THE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . .	189
FEDERATION OF THE WORLD . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .	184
FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN . . . . .	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> . . . . .	171
FIRST CHRISTMAS, THE . . . . .	<i>The Bible</i> . . . . .	221
FIRST OF APRIL, THE . . . . .	<i>William Hone</i> . . . . .	80

FIRST OF APRIL, THE . . . . .	<i>Geoffrey Johnson</i> . . . . .	81
FLAG GOES BY, THE . . . . .	<i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i> . . . . .	141
FLAG SONG . . . . .	<i>Lydia Avery Coonley Ward</i> . . . . .	145
FLASH: THE FIREMAN'S STORY . . . . .	<i>Will Carleton</i> . . . . .	317
FLOWER OF LIBERTY, THE . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . .	159
FOLLOW THE GLEAM . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .	320
FORBEARANCE . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	314
FORGETFUL PA . . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> . . . . .	153
FOURTH OF JULY, THE . . . . .	<i>John Pierpont</i> . . . . .	157
FOURTH OF JULY ODE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . .	158
GEORGIA . . . . .	<i>Robert Loveman</i> . . . . .	258
GOD BLESS THE FLAG . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	141
GOD GIVE US MEN! . . . . .	<i>Josiah Gilbert Holland</i> . . . . .	200
GOD'S ACRE . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	198
GOETHALS, THE PROPHET ENGINEER . . . . .	<i>Percy MacKaye</i> . . . . .	84
GOLDEN SPURS . . . . .	<i>Virginia Scott Miner</i> . . . . .	304
"GOOD FROM A BOOK" . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . .	305
GOOD KING WENCESLAUS . . . . .	<i>John M. Neale</i> . . . . .	234
GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND, THE . . . . .	<i>Andrew Cherry</i> . . . . .	67
HAIL! MINNESOTA! . . . . .	<i>Truman E. Rickard &amp; Arthur Upson</i> . . . . .	270
HAIL! SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .	<i>Deecort Hammitt</i> . . . . .	284
HAIL, VERMONT! . . . . .	<i>Josephine Hovey Perry</i> . . . . .	288
HALLOWEEN . . . . .	<i>Joel Benton</i> . . . . .	192
HARVEST HYMN . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	211
HEARTS WERE MADE TO GIVE AWAY . . . . .	<i>Annette Wynne</i> . . . . .	53
HERE WE HAVE IDAHO . . . . .	<i>Harry A. Powell</i> . . . . .	258
HERO, THE . . . . .	<i>Ambrose Bierce</i> . . . . .	121
HOME MEANS NEVADA . . . . .	<i>Bertha Raffetto</i> . . . . .	273
HOME ON THE RANGE, A . . . . .	<i>John A. Lomax</i> . . . . .	262
HOW DO I LOVE THEE? . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . .	54
HURT NO LIVING THING . . . . .	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i> . . . . .	300
HYMN OF THE NEW WORLD . . . . .	<i>Percy MacKaye</i> . . . . .	82
ILLINOIS . . . . .	<i>C. H. Chamberlain</i> . . . . .	259
IMMORTAL MORN . . . . .	<i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> . . . . .	179
IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL . . . . .	<i>David Morton</i> . . . . .	243
IN AUGUST . . . . .	<i>William Dean Howells</i> . . . . .	164
IN DISTRUST OF MERITS . . . . .	<i>Marianne Moore</i> . . . . .	207
IN FLANDERS FIELDS . . . . .	<i>John McCrae</i> . . . . .	207
IN MEMORY OF LEWIS CARROLL . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	308
IN PRAISE OF JOHNNY APPLESEED . . . . .	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> . . . . .	99
INAUGURATION DAY . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . . . .	38
INDIAN NAMES . . . . .	<i>Lydia H. Sigourney</i> . . . . .	174
INSCRIPTION AT MOUNT VERNON . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	59

# INSCRIPTION ON THE STATUE OF

LIBERTY . . . . .	<i>Emma Lazarus . . . . .</i>	127
IT SHALL NOT BE AGAIN! . . . . .	<i>Thomas Curtis Clark . . . . .</i>	205
JANUARY . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell . . . . .</i>	26
JOHN PAUL JONES . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder . . . . .</i>	124
JOY OF THE MORNING . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham . . . . .</i>	107
JULY . . . . .	<i>Susan Hartley Swett . . . . .</i>	156
JUNE . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell . . . . .</i>	139
LABOR . . . . .	<i>Frances Sargent Osgood . . . . .</i>	166
LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, THE . . . . .	<i>Felicia Dorothea Hemans . . . . .</i>	217
LENT LILY, THE . . . . .	<i>A. E. Housman . . . . .</i>	71
LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM, THE . . . . .	<i>John Banister Tabb . . . . .</i>	222
LINCOLN . . . . .	<i>John Gould Fletcher . . . . .</i>	44
LINCOLN . . . . .	<i>Julia Ward Howe . . . . .</i>	48
LINCOLN TRIUMPHANT . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham . . . . .</i>	44
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY . . . . .	<i>Richard Henry Stoddard . . . . .</i>	49
LITANY FOR HALLOWEEN . . . . .	<i>Unknown . . . . .</i>	192
LITTLE CHRIST CHILD . . . . .	<i>Elsie M. Fowler . . . . .</i>	226
LONGESOME . . . . .	<i>Paul Lawrence Dunbar . . . . .</i>	118
LONGFELLOW . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley . . . . .</i>	310
LOST DOG . . . . .	<i>Frances Rodman . . . . .</i>	301
MARINES' HYMN, THE . . . . .	<i>Unknown . . . . .</i>	124
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND! . . . . .	<i>James R. Randall . . . . .</i>	266
MASTER, THE . . . . .	<i>Edwin Arlington Robinson . . . . .</i>	46
MAY . . . . .	<i>Edmund Spenser . . . . .</i>	110
MAY QUEEN, THE . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson . . . . .</i>	111
MEG MERRILIES . . . . .	<i>John Keats . . . . .</i>	322
MEMORIAL DAY . . . . .	<i>William E. Brooks . . . . .</i>	137
MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Henry F. Lyster . . . . .</i>	267
MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . . . .</i>	31
MONTANA . . . . .	<i>Charles C. Cohan . . . . .</i>	272
MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley . . . . .</i>	135
MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE . . . . .	<i>Hermann Hagedorn . . . . .</i>	116
MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder . . . . .</i>	95
MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>William Day . . . . .</i>	60
MOVING DAY . . . . .	<i>Helen M. Hartman . . . . .</i>	177
MUSIC . . . . .	<i>Walter de la Mare . . . . .</i>	325
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, A . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning . . . . .</i>	327
MY BIRTHDAY . . . . .	<i>Thomas Moore . . . . .</i>	239
MY NEBRASKA . . . . .	<i>Theodore C. Diers . . . . .</i>	273
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME . . . . .	<i>Stephen Collins Foster . . . . .</i>	263
MY TRUST . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier . . . . .</i>	118
MY VALENTINE . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson . . . . .</i>	52

NATURE'S FRIEND . . . . .	<i>William Henry Davies</i> . . . . .	299
NAVAJO PRAYER . . . . .	<i>Edward S. Yeomans</i> . . . . .	170
NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE . . . . .	<i>Edward Everett Hale</i> . . . . .	88
NEW YEAR, THE . . . . .	<i>Horatio Nelson Powers</i> . . . . .	33
NEW YEAR DITTY . . . . .	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i> . . . . .	29
NEW YEAR SONG . . . . .	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i> . . . . .	27
NORTH DAKOTA HYMN . . . . .	<i>James W. Foley</i> . . . . .	278
NOVEMBER . . . . .	<i>Harley Coleridge</i> . . . . .	196
NOVEMBER ELEVENTH . . . . .	<i>Katherine Burton</i> . . . . .	204
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! . . . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . . .	50
O, FAIR NEW MEXICO . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Garrett</i> . . . . .	276
OCTOBER . . . . .	<i>Helen McMahan</i> . . . . .	176
ODE . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	160
ODE . . . . .	<i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i> . . . . .	324
ODE FOR DECORATION DAY . . . . .	<i>Henry Timrod</i> . . . . .	134
ODE TO NEW JERSEY . . . . .	<i>Elias F. Carr</i> . . . . .	275
OKLAHOMA . . . . .	<i>Harriet Parker Camden</i> . . . . .	279
OLD FLAG . . . . .	<i>Hubbard Parker</i> . . . . .	142
OLD IRONSIDES . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . .	123
OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE . . . . .	<i>John F. Holmes</i> . . . . .	274
OLD NORTH STATE, THE . . . . .	<i>William Gaston</i> . . . . .	277
OLD SUSAN . . . . .	<i>Walter de la Mare</i> . . . . .	306
ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY . . . . .	<i>Paul Dresser</i> . . . . .	260
ON THE EVE OF BUNKER HILL . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . .	150
ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . . . .	49
ON THE TRAIL TO IDAHO . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	147
ONE FORGOTTEN, THE . . . . .	<i>Dora Sigerson</i> . . . . .	197
OREGON STATE SONG . . . . .	<i>J. A. Buchanan</i> . . . . .	280
ORPHEUS . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	329
OUR COLONEL . . . . .	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . . .	190
OUR DELAWARE . . . . .	<i>George B. Hynson</i> . . . . .	255
OUR NATIVE LAND . . . . .	<i>King Kalakaua</i> . . . . .	294
OVER HIS KEYS . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . .	327
OX AND DONKEY'S CAROL . . . . .	<i>Sister Maris Stella</i> . . . . .	223
PANAMA . . . . .	<i>James Jeffrey Roche</i> . . . . .	83
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	90
PEACE . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . .	188
PEACE UNIVERSAL . . . . .	<i>Anna H. Thorne</i> . . . . .	186
PENNSYLVANIA . . . . .	<i>Helen Hall Bucher</i> . . . . .	281
PILGRIM FATHERS, THE . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	219
POET AND HIS SONG, THE . . . . .	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> . . . . .	329
POLITICS . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .	203
POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY, THE . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	201
POPLARS, THE . . . . .	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . .	97

PRAY FOR THE DEAD . . . . .	<i>Arthur Dentworth Hamilton Eaton</i> . . . . .	197
PRAYER . . . . .	<i>John Farrar</i> . . . . .	222
PRAYER, A . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	320
PRAYER OF COLUMBUS, THE . . . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . . .	180
PROSPECT . . . . .	<i>Thomas Curtis Clark</i> . . . . .	187
PSALM: 147, A . . . . .	<i>The Bible</i> . . . . .	210
PUMPKIN, THE . . . . .	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> . . . . .	210
QUIET WORK . . . . .	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> . . . . .	167
RED CROSS, THE . . . . .	<i>Edna Jacques</i> . . . . .	62
RED CROSS DAY . . . . .	<i>Red Cross Bulletin</i> . . . . .	62
RED, RED ROSE, A . . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . .	55
REST REMAINETH . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i> . . . . .	75
REVEILLÉ, THE . . . . .	<i>Bret Harte</i> . . . . .	121
RHODE ISLAND . . . . .	<i>T. Clarke Brown</i> . . . . .	282
RING OUT WILD BELLS . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .	28
ROBERT E. LEE . . . . .	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> . . . . .	36
RULES FOR THE ROAD . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	313
RUNAWAY, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Frost</i> . . . . .	301
SAGAMORE . . . . .	<i>Corinne Roosevelt Robinson</i> . . . . .	190
ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN . . . . .	<i>Henry Bennett</i> . . . . .	66
SANTA FILOMENA . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	63
SECRET HEART, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i> . . . . .	152
SEPTEMBER . . . . .	<i>Helen Hunt Jackson</i> . . . . .	165
SHAKESPEARE . . . . .	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> . . . . .	311
SHEEP AND LAMBS . . . . .	<i>Katharine Tynan Hinkson</i> . . . . .	74
SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES, THE . . . . .	<i>Ellen Murray</i> . . . . .	302
SIMPLE DUTY, A . . . . .	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> . . . . .	55
SINGING THE REAPERS HOMEWARD COME . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	212
SNARE, THE . . . . .	<i>James Stephens</i> . . . . .	300
SNOWDROP, THE . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .	41
SOFTLY THROUGH THE MELLOW STARLIGHT . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	77
SONG . . . . .	<i>William Watson</i> . . . . .	79
SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE, A . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . .	29
SONG FOR THE STATES, A . . . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . . .	246
SONG MY PADDLE SINGS, THE . . . . .	<i>E. Pauline Johnson</i> . . . . .	321
SONG OF IOWA, THE . . . . .	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> . . . . .	261
SONG OF LOUISIANA . . . . .	<i>Vashti R. Stopher</i> . . . . .	264
SONG ON A MAY MORNING . . . . .	<i>John Milton</i> . . . . .	111
SONGS FOR MY MOTHER: HER HANDS . . . . .	<i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i> . . . . .	117
STAR OF THE EAST . . . . .	<i>Eugene Field</i> . . . . .	224
STAR-SPANGLED BANNER . . . . .	<i>Francis Scott Key</i> . . . . .	130
STATE OF MAINE SONG . . . . .	<i>Roger Vinton Snow</i> . . . . .	265

STATE WE HONOR, THE . . . . .	<i>Fanny J. Crosby</i> . . . . .	254
SWALLOWS, THE . . . . .	<i>Edwin Arnold</i> . . . . .	109
SWANEE RIVER . . . . .	<i>Stephen Collins Foster</i> . . . . .	256
SWORD OF ROBERT LEE, THE . . . . .	<i>Abram J. Ryan</i> . . . . .	36
TAMPA ROBINS . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> . . . . .	108
TEXAS, OUR TEXAS . . . . .	<i>Gladys Yoakum Wright</i> . . . . .	286
THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN . . . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . . .	50
THROSTLE, THE . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . .	155
THRUSH'S NEST, THE . . . . .	<i>John Clare</i> . . . . .	109
TO MY MOTHER . . . . .	<i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . .	120
TO ROBERT BROWNING . . . . .	<i>Walter Savage Landor</i> . . . . .	307
TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BURROUGHS . . . . .	<i>Catherine Parmenter</i> . . . . .	98
TO WORDSWORTH . . . . .	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> . . . . .	312
TREE, THE . . . . .	<i>Jones Very</i> . . . . .	96
TREES . . . . .	<i>Bliss Carman</i> . . . . .	95
TRUE LENT, A . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> . . . . .	70
TWELFTH NIGHT CAROL . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	35
TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY, THE . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . .	57
UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN . . . . .	<i>Alice Meynell</i> . . . . .	227
U.S. AIR FORCE, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Crawford</i> . . . . .	125
UTAH, WE LOVE THEE . . . . .	<i>Evan Stephens</i> . . . . .	187
VAGABOND, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> . . . . .	314
VALENTINE, A . . . . .	<i>Eugene Field</i> . . . . .	52
VIOLIN, THE . . . . .	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> . . . . .	326
WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>Harriet Monroe</i> . . . . .	56
WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>Denis O'Crowley</i> . . . . .	56
WASHINGTON'S SONG . . . . .	<i>Edmond S. Meany</i> . . . . .	290
WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MISSISSIPPI . . . . .	<i>Verne Barnes</i> . . . . .	271
WAY TO KNOW A FATHER, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i> . . . . .	151
WE ARE NEVER OLD . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	238
WEST VIRGINIA HILLS, THE . . . . .	<i>Ellen King &amp; H. E. Engle</i> . . . . .	290
WHAT RULES THE WORLD . . . . .	<i>William Ross Wallace</i> . . . . .	120
WHAT THE GRAY CAT SINGS . . . . .	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . . .	194
WHEN IT'S IRIS TIME IN TENNESSEE . . . . .	<i>Willa Mae Waid</i> . . . . .	285
WINDS OF GOD, THE . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . .	188
WINTER NIGHT . . . . .	<i>Edna St. Vincent Millay</i> . . . . .	215
WISH, A . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . .	238
WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME, THE . . . . .	<i>Jeremiah Eames Rankin</i> . . . . .	216
WORK . . . . .	<i>Kenyon Cox</i> . . . . .	166
WORK . . . . .	<i>Henry van Dyke</i> . . . . .	167
WRITTEN IN MARCH . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> . . . . .	61
WYOMING . . . . .	<i>Charles E. Winter</i> . . . . .	292



YANKEE DOODLE . . . . .	<i>Edward Bangs</i> . . . . .	162
YEAR'S AT THE SPRING, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i> . . . . .	68
YEAR'S ROUND, THE . . . . .	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> . . . . .	25
YOUNG FIRWOOD, A . . . . .	<i>Dante G. Rossetti</i> . . . . .	98
YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG . . . . .	<i>Wilbur D. Nesbit</i> . . . . .	144
YULE-TIDE FIRES . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> . . . . .	232

## *Index of First Lines*

- A Flower unblown: a Book unread, 33  
 A flying word from here and there, 46  
 A gallant foeman in the fight, 36  
 A little scarlet emblem, 62  
 A man went down to Panama, 84  
 A monument for the soldiers!, 135  
 A picture memory brings to me, 118  
 A pioneer state built a College to share,  
     258  
 A song is but a little thing, 329  
 A spirit speeding down on All Souls' Eve,  
     197  
 A star—a star in the west!, 82  
 A weapon that comes down as still, 200  
 Above the pines the moon was slowly  
     drifting, 308  
 Across the azure spaces, 188  
 Across the pearly distance, 169  
 Across the years he could recall, 152  
 Adolphus Elfinstone of Nachez, 316  
 After volcanoes husht with snows, 85  
 Age is a quality of mind, 237  
 Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from  
     East and from West, 210  
 Alabama, Alabama, 250  
 All hail to Pennsylvania, 281  
 All hail to the State that we honor, 254  
 All in the April morning, 74  
 All the long August afternoon, 164  
 And there were in the same country shep-  
     herds, 221  
 And what is so rare as a day in June?, 139  
 April, April, 79  
 Arise—'Tis the day of our Washington's  
     glory, 58  
 At Sagamore the Chief lies low—, 190  
 Ay, tear her tattered ensign down, 123  
 Because you passed, and now are not, 133  
 Before the listening world behold him  
     stand, 326  
 Begone, you sir. Here, shepherd, call your  
     dog, 302  
 Behind him lay the gray Azores, 182  
 Behold our first great warrior of the sea,  
     124  
 Blow, golden trumpets, sweet and clear,  
     76  
 Books are bridges, 304  
 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-  
     ing, 34  
 By the rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illi-  
     nois, 259  
 By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
     87  
 Call on thy children of the hill, 283  
 Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings at-  
     tend her, 277  
 Carry me back to old Virginny, 289  
 Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,  
     225  
 Come to this land of sunshine, 252  
 Dawn turned on her purple pillow, 214  
 Day of glory! Welcome day!, 157  
 Dear native regions, I foretell, 243  
 Deep loving, well knowing, 190  
 Down with the rosemary and so, 42  
 Dreaming along the haunted shore of  
     time, 311

Easter day breaks!, 75

Father and I went down to camp, 162

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on  
Number Three, 317

For such as you, I do believe, 116

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,  
36

Four hundred years ago a tangled waste,  
180

From dusk till dawn the livelong night,  
145

From Ghoulies and Ghosties, 192

From the Halls of Montezuma, 124

From the mountains to the sea, 258

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray, 109

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming  
morn, 114

Gift of the living God to mortal man, 186

"Give me your tired, your poor", 127

Give to me the life I love, 314

Given, not lent, 227

Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell, 52

Go, little book, and wish to all, 306

God bless the flag! Let it float and fill, 141

God give us men! A time like this de-  
mands, 200

God who created me, 313

Good King Wenceslaus looked out, 234

Grand State of Maine, 265

Hail! South Dakota, 284

Hail to Vermont! Lovely Vermont!, 288

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands, 121

Hast thou named all the birds without a  
gun?, 314

Hats off!, 141

Have you ever heard the tapping of the  
fairly cobbler men, 193

Hawaii! sea-girt land!, 294

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new  
tread, 301

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill,  
231

Hearts were made to give away, 53

Heaven is in my hand, and I, 107

Here the oceans twain have waited, 83

Here we come a-whistling through the  
fields so green, 35

Here's to you, belov'd Rhode Island, 282

Home of my heart, I sing of thee!, 267

How do I love thee? Let me count the  
ways, 54

Hurt no living thing, 300

I dipped into the future, far as human eye  
could see, 184

I give you a land of sun and flow'rs, and  
summer the whole year long, 279

I hear the sullen cry of pain!, 300

I hear you, little bird, 107

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung  
host, 137

I heard the bells on Christmas Day, 230

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which  
calls, 198

I love thee when thy swelling buds ap-  
pear, 96

I met the boss; he wanted me to go, 147

I think I hear them stirring there, today,  
205

I thought this day to bring to thee, 237

I walked this Easter morning in the wood,  
75

I will make a song for these States, 246

I will make you brooches and toys for  
your delight, 52

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair, 42

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and  
I'm old, 306

Immortal morn, all hail!, 179

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow, 207

In the days of President Washington, 99

In the far and mighty West, 292

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,  
95

In the pathways of heaven, 98

In the room at Warm Springs, 39

Into the woods my Master went, 73

Is this a Fast, to keep, 70

It is portentous, and a thing of state, 45

Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl  
groweth, 166

Land of the Empire builders, 280

Land of the mountains high, 287

Last night I crept across the snow, 222

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
167

Light with the burning log of oak, 232  
 Like a gaunt, scraggly pine, 44  
 Lincoln is not dead. He lives, 44  
 Listen, my children, and you shall hear,  
     90  
 Little Christ Child, did you know, 226  
 Little Jesus, wast thou shy, 228  
 Little taper set tonight, 224  
 Lord of the Mountain, 170  
 Louisiana! Louisiana! That dear old state  
     of ours, 264  
 Love well and pray for all thy dead, 197  
 Lover of children! Fellow heir with those,  
     308  
 Many, many welcomes, 41  
 Men said at vespers: "All is well!", 316  
 Minnesota, hail to thee!, 270  
 Mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month  
     er two, 118  
 "My birthday!" What a different sound,  
     239  
 My country, 'tis of thee, 131  
 My mother she's so good to me, 119  
 My mother's hands are cool and fair, 117  
 My Nebraska, 273  
 My pa says that he used to be, 153  
 My poplars are like ladies trim, 97  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have  
     his, 54  
 New Year met me somewhat sad, 29  
 No man knows his father till he sees, 151  
 North Dakota, North Dakota, 278  
 Not of the sunlight, 320  
 Not with the high-voiced fife, 188  
 Now the bright morning star, Day's har-  
     binger, 111  
 Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now  
     the Hunting winds are loose, 171  
 O beautiful for spacious skies, 127  
 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is  
     done, 50  
 O hearken, all ye little weeds, 43  
 O land of gold, I sing to thee, 293  
 O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose, 55  
 O tenderly the haughty day, 160  
 October's lap holds patches, 176  
 Of votive lights there were only seven, 69

Off we go into the wild blue yonder, 125  
 Oh, hero of our younger race!, 56  
 Oh, give me a home where the buffalo  
     roam, 262  
 Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman, 66  
 Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early  
     light, 130  
 Oh the hills of dear New Castle, 255  
 Oh, the West Virginia hills!, 290  
 Old Meg she was a gypsy, 322  
 On a lonely road quite long ago, 253  
 On the eighth day of March it was, some  
     people say, 65  
 On this great day a child of time and fate,  
     38  
 Once more the liberal year laughs out, 211  
 Once when the snow of the year was be-  
     ginning to fall, 301  
 One effort more, my altar this bleak sand,  
     180  
 One lesson, Nature, let me learn from  
     thee, 167  
 Orpheus with his lute made trees, 329  
 Others abide our question. Thou art free,  
     311  
 Our fathers fought for Liberty, 158  
 Out on the breeze, 145  
 Over his keys the musing organist, 327  
 Pale is the February sky, 57  
 Pile high the hickory and the light, 215  
 Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite, 192  
 Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know,  
     312  
 Priscilla and John Alden lie at rest, 219  
 Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, 28  
 'Round my Indiana homestead wave the  
     cornfields, 260  
 Say what you like, 299  
 Sing unto the Lord with Thanksgiving,  
     210  
 Singing the reapers homeward come, Io!  
     Io!, 212  
 Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, 134  
 Softly through the mellow starlight, 77  
 Spring bursts today, 77  
 Spring still makes spring in the mind, 238  
 Stand straight, 313

Star of the East, that long ago, 224  
 Stay as the tree—go as the wind, 95  
 Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay, 29  
 Strengthened to live, strengthened to die  
     for, 207  
 "Summer is coming, summer is coming",  
     155  
 Sweetness of Spring memories bring, 285  
  
 Teach me, Father, how to go, 320  
 Tell me of that Treasure State, 272  
 Texas, our Texas, 286  
 The American land is a land of freedom,  
     128  
 The barrier stone has rolled away, 78  
 The breaking waves dashed high, 217  
 The Cat was once a weaver, 194  
 The 'cellos, setting forth apart, 326  
 The Christ-Child lay in the ox's stall, 223  
 The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap, 233  
 The cock is crowing, 61  
 The crest and crowning of all good, 185  
 The crocus, while the days are dark, 25  
 The end has come, as come it must, 241  
 The fairy beam upon you, 238  
 The first of April, some do say, 80  
 The goldenrod is yellow, 165  
 The graduates are going forth, 240  
 The Little Jesus came to town, 228  
 The mellow year is hasting to its close,  
     196  
 The moving is all over, 177  
 The muffled drum's sad roll has beat, 133  
 The proudest now is but my peer, 201  
 The robin laughed in the orange tree, 108  
 The rolling wave is on thy shore, Jersey-  
     land, my Jerseyland, 275  
 The sun shines bright in the old Ken-  
     tucky home, 263  
 The winds have talked with him confid-  
     ingly, 310  
 The word of God to Leyden came, 216  
 The year's at the spring, 68  
 Then came fair May, the fairest maid on  
     ground, 110  
 There dwelt the Man, the flower of hu-  
     man kind, 60  
 There is a destiny that makes us brothers,  
     185

There is delight in singing, tho' none  
     hear, 307  
 There was never a leaf on bush or tree, 26  
 There's a dear little plant that grows in  
     our Isle, 67  
 These hearts were woven of human joys  
     and cares, 136  
 These little firs today are things, 98  
 These walls will not forget, through later  
     days, 243  
 They say that man is mighty, 120  
 They say that the year is old and gray, 27  
 They tell us of an Indian tree, 120  
 This bronze doth keep the very form and  
     mold, 49  
 This dust was once the man, 50  
 This man whose homely face you look  
     upon, 49  
 Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name,  
     56  
 Thou wilt not cower in the dust, 266  
 Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy  
     heart, 55  
 Through the dim pageant of the years, 48  
 Thy name, O Washington renowned, 290  
 Thy restless feet now cannot go, 73  
 'Tis Christmas Night! the snow, 222  
 'Tis spring; come out to ramble, 71  
 To stone memorials of a bitter loss, 204  
 Today the swords of heaven are merry,  
     81  
 'Twas June on the face of the earth, June  
     with the roses' breath, 150  
 'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine  
     knot's red light, 88  
  
 Under a sky of azure, 276  
  
 War will not always be, 187  
 Washington, the brave the wise the good,  
     59  
 Way down South in Mississippi, 271  
 Way down upon de Swanee Ribber, 256  
 'Way out in the land of the setting sun,  
     273  
 We are the music-makers, 324  
 We do not know—we can but deem, 121  
 We get no good, 305

We move, the wheel must always move,  
 203  
 We took it to the woods, we two, 310  
 Well worthy to be magnified are they, 219  
 West Wind, blow from your prairie nest,  
 321  
 "What care I, what cares he", 148  
 What flower is this that greets the morn,  
 159  
 What shall I say to you, Old Flag?, 142  
 What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
 327  
 When fishes flew and forests walked, 72  
 When indoor young ones club their  
 wicked wits, 80  
 When music sounds, gone is the earth I  
 know, 325  
 When Susan's work was done she'd sit,  
 306  
 When the scarlet cardinal tells, 156  
 Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, 63  
 Where is the true man's fatherland?, 189  
 Where may the wearied eye repose, 58  
 Who builds the state? Not he whose  
 power, 202  
 Who goes there, in the night, 205  
 With a skill that knows no measure, 274  
 Within a thick and spreading hawthorn  
 bush, 109  
 Work thou for pleasure, 166  
 Ye say they all have passed away, 174  
 Yes, the Year is growing old, 31  
 You ask what land I love the best, 261  
 You may call, you may call, 195  
 You must wake and call me early, 111  
 Your flag and my flag, 144



















UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



106 127

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY